

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,560

OCTOBER 21, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



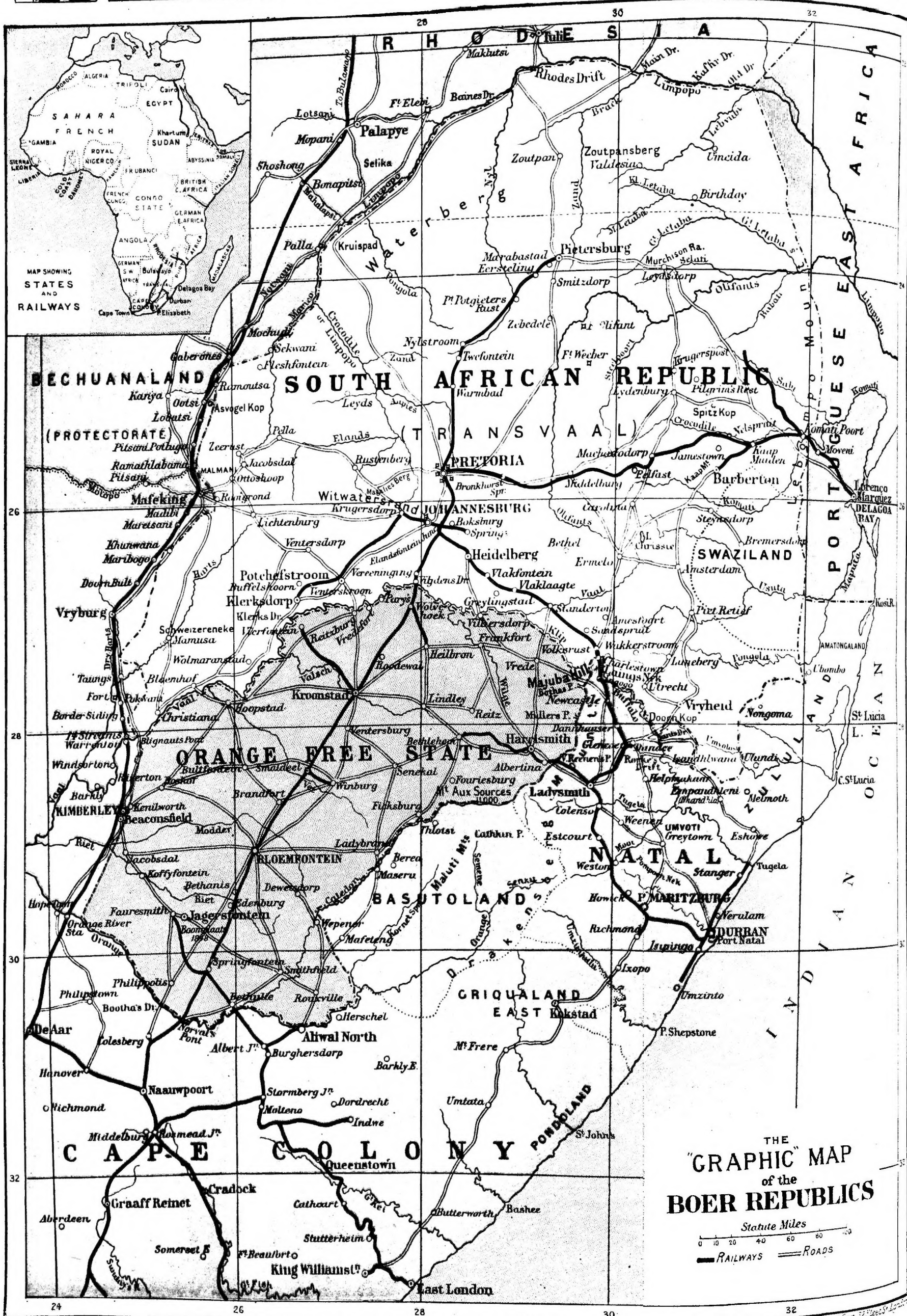
STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 21, 1899



THE
"GRAPHIC" MAP
of the
BOER REPUBLICS

Statute Miles
0 10 20 40 60 80 100
RAILWAYS ROADS



NOTE - The flags are intended to be cut out, affixed to pins, and used to mark on the map the respective positions of British and Boer troops.

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

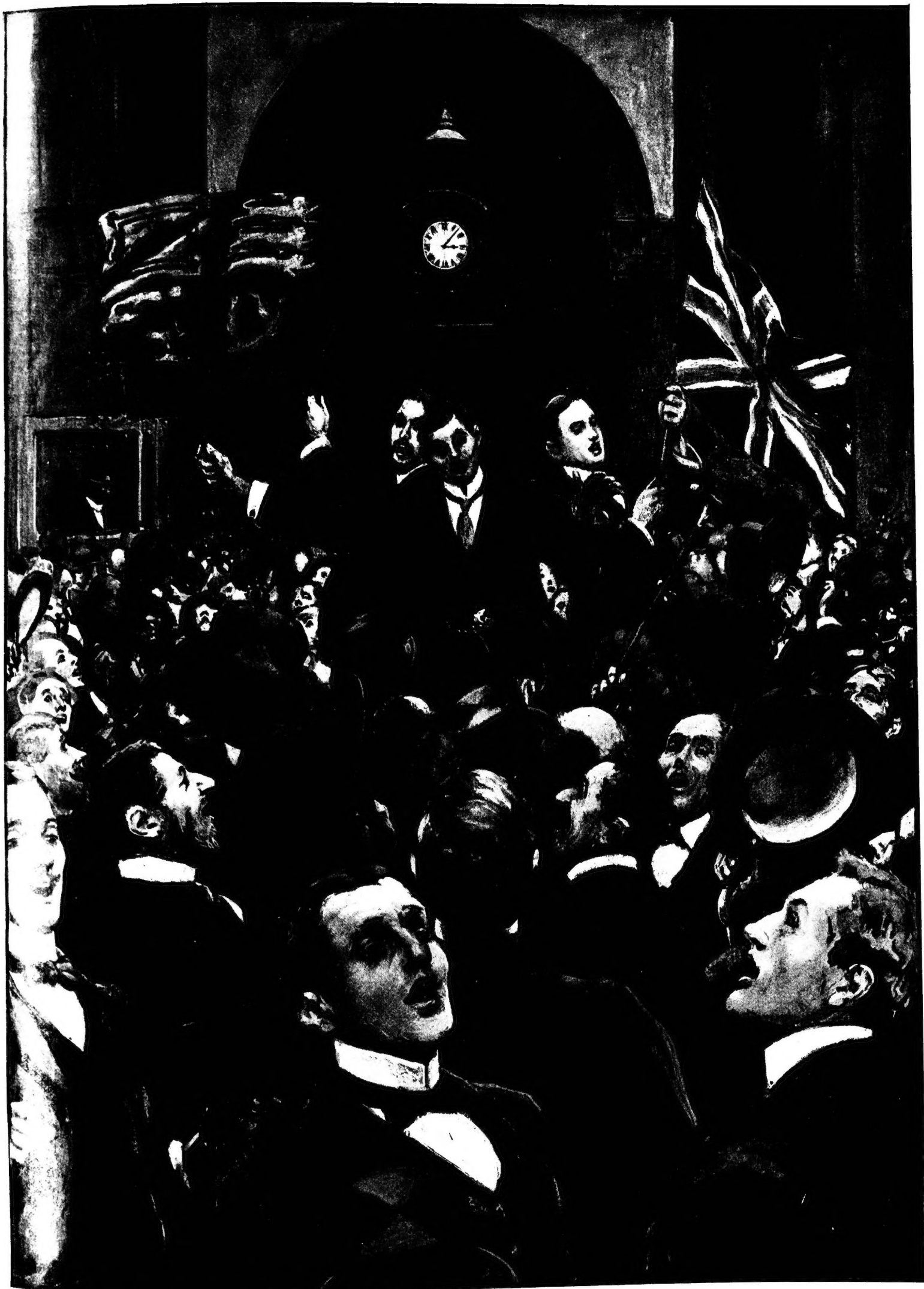
No. 1,560—Vol. LX.
Registered as a Newspaper

EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899

FORTY PAGES, WITH SUPPLEMENT
Coloured Map of the Seat of War

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d



Now in the history of the Stock Exchange has such a striking demonstration been witnessed in the "House" as that which took place last week, at the exact moment—as far as could be calculated—of the expiry of the time limit named in the last Boer despatch. Soon after three o'clock two flags were produced, one a Union Jack and the other a Royal Standard. Then Mr. Charles Clarke played the part of the Stock Exchange Waiter, whose business it is to declare a

member a defaulter. Mr. Clarke secured silence by giving three taps on the rostrum with the hammer that is used on such occasions. Instantly silence reigned, and, on the expiration of the period of grace allowed to the British Government, Mr. Clarke said: "Gentlemen, President Kruger has not complied with his bargains." Then some 3,000 members, hat in hand, sang the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia."

PRESIDENT KRUGER "HAMMERED": A SCENE IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Topics of the Week

Parliament and the "War"

PARLIAMENT met last Tuesday for the despatch of urgent business, and to consider, in the words of the Queen's Speech, "events deeply affecting the interests of my Empire." The dignified sobriety with which the Speech refers to these events is a welcome relief to the popular rhodomontade which has lately pictured the country as in the throes of a great national crisis. We have, as a matter of fact, to deal with difficulties of a somewhat more serious kind than usually fall to us in the year's work, but we are not, strictly speaking, in presence of a crisis. We are confronted with difficulties which deeply affect the interests of the Empire, but which can scarcely be said to jeopardise them. This is the point of view of the Queen's Speech, and it is for many good reasons the right view to take. The Leader of the Opposition taunted the Government during the debate on the Address with having abstained from advising Her Majesty to use the "ugly word war." We may be sure that it was not from any fear of responsibility or criticism that the word was avoided, but rather because it was desired to keep the things dealt with within their legitimate proportions. The chastisement of a semi-vassal State is not a war but a punitive expedition, and it was, no doubt, in pursuance of this idea that the "ugly word" was rejected. Anyone who takes the trouble to look back at the correspondence on the Vaal Drifts affair in 1895 will find a precedent for this abstention. On that occasion Her Majesty's Government also abstained from talking about war, and contented themselves with threatening to "send an expedition" to compel the Transvaal to observe its obligations. Technically, indeed, we cannot declare war against a State which is not of equal sovereign rank with ourselves. This view of our present difficulties has a moral as well as a legal aspect, for it may help—we trust it will—to curb a certain brag-gart spirit which is just now disposed to extract a very large amount of martial satisfaction out of military operations which cannot cause the Empire a very serious effort. It is, no doubt, in consequence of this sober conception of the dimensions of the so-called crisis that the debate on the Address has proved much less palpitating than was expected. It has been interesting rather than impressive. The rhetoric has been scanty because it was not necessary to appeal to the great reserves of national patriotism and self-sacrifice. Politicians on both sides have been absorbed by the practical aspects of the question at issue, and the Opposition leaders, while supporting the Government in its resistance against Boer aggression, have not failed to give a fairly loose rein to their criticisms of the policy and methods of the Cabinet. These criticisms have not increased in cogency since they failed so conspicuously to convince the nation during the recess. They were little more than vain speculations as to the "might have been," and they were trenchantly answered by Lord Salisbury, when he declared last Tuesday that the whole aim and object of President Kruger's policy has always been to upset the established order of things in South Africa. This is a proposition which can be proved up to the hilt, and which no honest man can fail to adopt if he read with his eyes open the documentary history of Boer diplomacy during this last twenty years. Happily this conspiracy will now be finally defeated. The Prime Minister gave us an interesting glimpse of the policy it has been determined to pursue when the war is over. Once the Boers are subdued all doubt as to their position as a State will be dissipated. There is, we gather, no intention to deprive them permanently of the right to self-government, but the suzerainty of the Queen over the whole of South Africa will be made an indisputable reality, and under that suzerainty not only will all white men enjoy equal rights, but all the States and Colonies will be on an equal footing. This policy is creditable alike to the intelligence and the courage of the Government.

Practical Profit-Sharing

It is a wholesome sign of the times that the Conference at Newcastle on co-operation and co-partnership between employers and employed should have excited such general interest. There was a time, and that not very remote either, when profit-sharing in any other way than by paying higher wages was ridiculed as "unpractical." No doubt some of the schemes produced had that character; they were as unworkable as pretentious. But in the masterly paper read by Mr. Livesey at Newcastle, facts of the most solid character very conclusively demonstrated the possibility of so readjusting relations between capital and labour as to give the latter a living interest in promoting the prosperity of the former. That is true co-operation in the highest

sense; by means of such co-partnership as now exists in the South Metropolitan Gas Company, employers and employed share adversity and prosperity on the principle of the sliding scale. Where novelty comes in is that the principle is made to act automatically; the workmen's share of profits depends on the price of gas, falling as it rises, and *vice versa*. The consequence is that the employees are interested in cheapening production, and, in the case of this particular concern, that personal inducement is found to diminish the cost of carbonising coal by no less than a shilling a ton, an economy which saves the Company 30,000*l.* per annum. To further advance their interest in the general welfare, the employees are enabled to become shareholders without putting their hands into their pockets, while two seats on the board are allotted to them as a fairly proportionate share of control.

Our Army

THE general annual return of the British Army for 1898 presents some facts of more than usual interest at a moment when the effectiveness of our military machinery is being put to a very stringent test. It shows, for one thing, that even at times when the wage rate is high, employment plentiful, and no warlike stimulus stirs the popular spirit, a sufficiency of recruits can be obtained. During last year the effective strength of the rank and file increased by very nearly 10,000 men, and no small part of this substantial addition was the reward of recruiting energy. So far, then, as that goes, alarmists who foresee the disappearance of the British Army, unless conscription is resorted to, will not find much to comfort them in these eloquent statistics. They stand in a stronger position, perhaps, when they affirm that we only gain in quantity by sacrificing quality; "special enlistments" undoubtedly admit into the ranks of the country's defenders many youngsters who would better suit civilian employment. But had there been the same chance of seeing active service last year as now offers, we feel very sure that the military authorities would not have had the least occasion to resort to "special enlistments." It is a matter for regret that so many court-martials should still have to be held; but many offences for which soldiers are brought to trial are of a very trivial character in themselves, and might be included in the category of "minor offences," over which commanding officers have jurisdiction.

A Royal Act

THE QUEEN'S gracious and generous gift of 400*l.* to the father of poor Jules Loth has done much more than all the efforts of statesmanship to re-establish the *entente cordiale* between England and France. It is just one of those kindly acts which the French people specially appreciate, appealing as it does to their keen sense of honourable obligation. They recognise that there was no particular reason why Her Majesty should take personal action in the matter. Young Loth came to death solely through his own fault, while even had it been otherwise, compensation would have been due from the British Government, and not from the Queen's privy purse. That is the customary procedure in all such cases, and the French would have had no cause for complaint had it been followed in this particular instance. But Her Majesty, with that rare faculty of discrimination which is such an essential part of the highest statesmanship, at once recognised that it was a case for nice differentiation. The tragedy was unquestionably consequent upon the action, whether ill-advised or well-advised, of a British naval officer, and the close association of the Royal Family with both the sea and land forces seemed, no doubt, to attach somewhat of a personal character, as regards its august head, to the affair. Moreover, the accident occurred in English waters, and had a look of inhospitality which the Queen wished to efface by a single kindly act. Well liked by our neighbours as Her Majesty has always been, she will be held in higher esteem than ever after this mark of her goodness of heart.

"Close of Play"

A VERY striking outcome of the war has been the sudden diminution of public interest in those sports and pastimes the enthralling nature of which has more than once been made a matter of public reproach. Nearly everyone can recall from personal experience the way in which reports of Test Matches and Association Cup Ties have overshadowed in the newspapers—and *à priori* in the popular esteem—topics of far greater importance. Sometimes, indeed, an uneasy suspicion has crossed one's mind that England was taking, as a nation, a great deal too much interest in sport; that there were too many holidays and too much play. Suddenly all this has altered. The war in South Africa has brushed aside football and cricket and yachting alike. Last Saturday night the familiar cry of "Football Edition" was lost amid the shouts of "Departure of General Buller;" and the defeats of *Shamrock* on Monday and Tuesday were hardly noticed among the rumours of the Boer repulse at Mafeking. As for Ranjitsinhji's team in America we hardly know what has become of it. Of course, all this may be due merely to the superior and novel interest of exciting war news; but one would like to believe that the sudden change of outlook is owing to the national belief that this is a time to "put away childish things" and look hard facts in the face.

The Court

THE season in the Highlands is nearly over. The Royal circle in and around Balmoral grows gradually smaller as the members of the Royal Family and the various foreign relatives leave one by one for the south. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenburg left Balmoral at the end of last week, followed by Prince and Princess Frederick-Leopold of Prussia from Gergeldie, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with their daughters will soon be fitting. Nor is the Queen's departure far off, although Her Majesty likes to stay on Deeside till the beginning of November, provided the weather remains fairly good. Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg are still with the Queen, and in their honour a concert was arranged for last (Friday) night, when Madame Albani, Miss Ada Crossley, and other well-known vocalists were to sing before Her Majesty and a large party of guests from the neighbourhood. Visitors are still plentiful at Balmoral. The Princess of Wales came to see Her Majesty on her way to Mar Lodge, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret, often came over to dinner, and Lord Glenesk, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Chaplin, and Principal Story have been other guests to dinner. The Queen and all the Royal party went to Crathie Church on Sunday morning, inst. of Divine Service being performed at Balmoral as usual.

The Queen's visit to Bristol on November 15 will be quite a formal affair. Princesses Christian and Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught accompany Her Majesty, together with a large gathering of Court functionaries, and there will be a good deal of State about the opening of the Jubilee Convalescent Home. The street decorations are to be very elaborate, and illuminations take place in the evening, although the Queen will have left long before. Princess Beatrice will be in the same neighbourhood two days later to unveil a bust of the Queen at the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

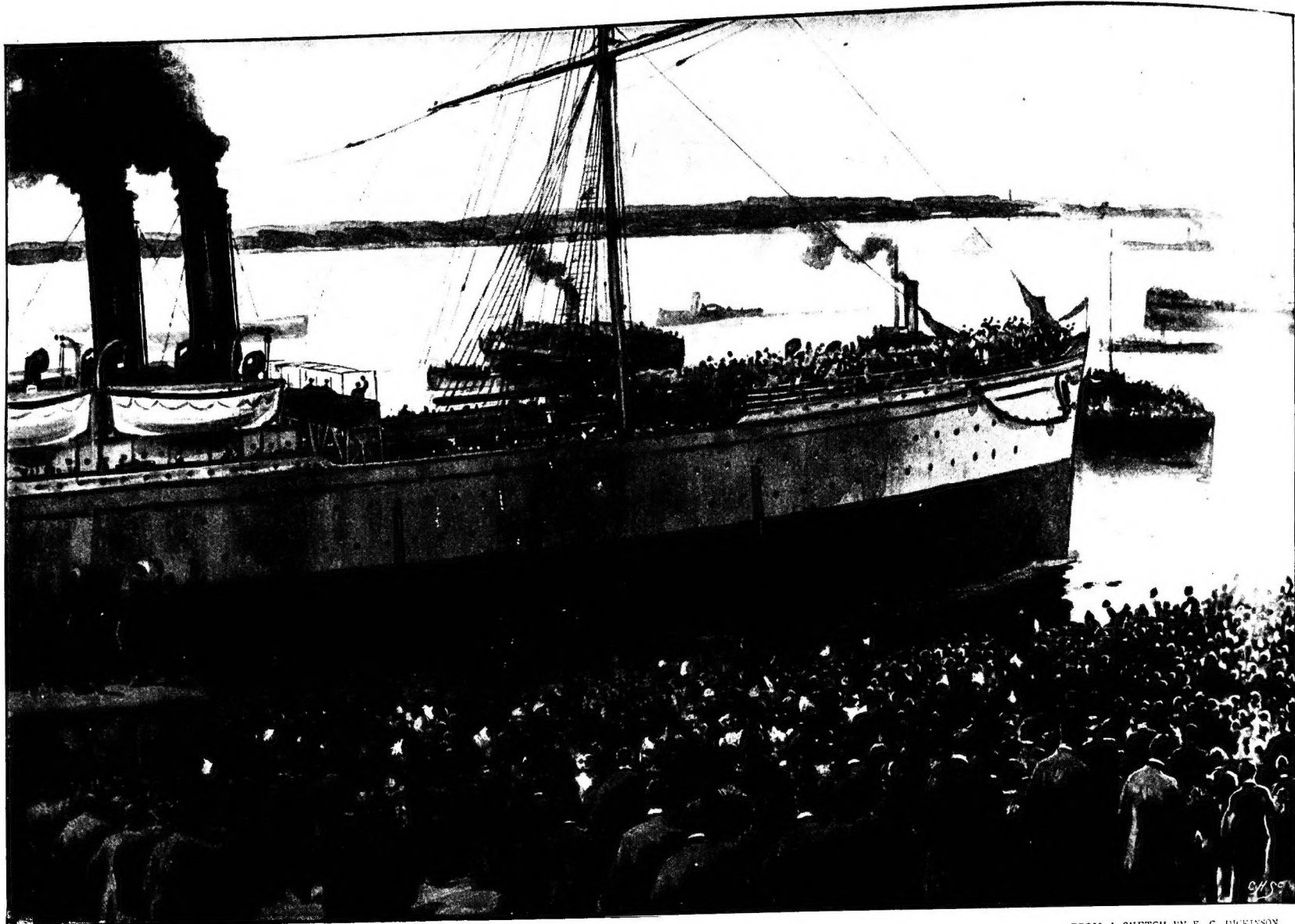
The Mar Lodge house party will be breaking up soon, but at present there is a very happy family circle together, the Princess of Wales having joined her three daughters for a brief stay. The Tsarevitch Michael and Prince Charles of Denmark are also still at Mar Lodge, where the Duke of Fife finds plenty of sport for his guests in his forests and moors. The Princesses fish or drive daily, sometimes taking lunch to the shooting party. When they return south, the Princess and Princess Victoria go to Sandringham, Prince and Princess Charles to Appleton Hall close by, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife to Brighton with their children.

The Prince of Wales was back in town from Newmarket in time to see Sir Redvers Buller off from Waterloo, and the reception given to the Prince by the crowd showed their appreciation of his action. So enthusiastic were the people that the Royal carriage could hardly get out of the station, the crowd cheering the Prince and singing "Rule Britannia" vociferously as they surged up to the windows of the carriage. The Prince stayed at Marlborough House for the meeting of Parliament on Tuesday, being present at the opening ceremony and debate, and next day he left for Dorsetshire to spend three days with Lord and Lady Wolverton at Iwerne Minster. Shooting and a ball are in the programme until the Prince returns to town to-day (Saturday). Next week he goes to Newmarket again, and in the following week the Prince and Princess will settle down at Sandringham for the regular autumn season. A succession of shooting parties will follow, and the Prince will pay a round of visits, besides assisting to entertain the German Emperor, so that the next few weeks will be amply filled. The Prince and Princess have contributed 200*l.* apiece to the Mansion House Fund for the Transvaal refugees, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark ten guineas.

A good many Royalties are getting into the eighties. The latest octogenarian is the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who kept his eightieth birthday on Tuesday, and who is so closely connected with our own Royal House by his marriage with Princess Augusta of Cambridge, sister to the present Duke of Cambridge and the late Duchess of Teck. The Grand Ducal couple can look back on a long married life, for they kept their gold wedding six years ago, while the Duke's military career is also a lengthy one, he is the second oldest general of cavalry in the German Army, the aged Grand Duke of Luxembourg being his only senior. Grand Duke Frederick William is deeply beloved in the Duchy, where the people were most anxious to celebrate his birthday with great public rejoicings. However, the Duke declined all festivities, preferring that the money should be spent on charitable schemes. So the anniversary was spent very quietly at Neu Strelitz, where the Duke had with him his only son and two grandsons. It was only this summer that the Duke's elder granddaughter, Princess Marie, was married at Kew, her sister, Princess Jutta, espousing the Crown Prince of Montenegro a few weeks later. The Grand Duke is a familiar figure in English Society.

England has been the scene of many joys and sorrows for the Orleans family, and now another wedding in their house takes place on English soil. Tuesday week, 31st inst., is fixed for the marriage of Princess Isabelle, third daughter of the late Duc de Paris, with her cousin, Prince Jean, second son of the Duc de Chartres, and there will be a large family gathering for the occasion. The at the Duc d'Orleans' home, York House, Twickenham, while parents of both bride and groom were married at Kew, and, only a few years ago the bride's elder sister, Princess Blanche, was united to the Duke of Aosta in the same little church. The two sisters are very much alike, Princess Isabelle also being tall and fair. She is just twenty-one, while the bridegroom is twenty-five. Prince Jean is serving in the Danish Army, his marriage with the Danish Royal Family through his elder sister, Princess Waldemar of Denmark, brother to the Prince of Wales, and will probably visit the Prince and Princess of Wales afterwards.

Great anxiety is felt at the Roumanian Court on account of the illness of little Prince Carol, son of the Hereditary Prince and heir to the throne. The child is suffering from typhoid fever, complicated by pneumonia. The Prince, now six years old, is a charming little lad, the delight and hope of his Roumanian grandparents, whilst the Roumanians look upon him with special pride as the first of the Royal line born in the country, both the King and the Hereditary Prince being of alien lineage. He has a link with the English people, too, as great-grandson to our Queen.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

As the steamer left Sir Redvers Buller appeared on the bridge and was greeted with loud cries of "Good luck, General." He seemed greatly pleased at the enthusiasm shown by the crowd, and repeatedly raised his hat. Then some one started the National Anthem and those on the ship and those on shore joined vigorously

THE STEAMER "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"



THE GENERAL TAKING LEAVE OF LADY AUDREY BULLER

THE WAR: DEPARTURE OF SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., FOR THE FRONT

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



A Venerable and Interested Listener

Mr. George Livesey on "Sunday Amusements and Employments"

Archdeacon Diggle on "The Church and Modern Society—Speculation and Gambling"

The Bishop of London, the President, pronouncing the Benediction

Prebendary Webb-Peploe on "Maintaining a type of Anglican Service"

The Dean of Canterbury on "The Church and Nonconformists"

The Rev. W. Firth on "Raffles at Church Bazaars"

Mr. Stephen Bourne on "The Three Great Curses of the Country"

Mr. Alfred Robertson on "The Church and its Services"

Viscount Halifax on "The Principles of Ritual"

Canon Newbolt on "Experimental Religion"

a patriotic, interest in the event of the hour, seemed imbued by only one anxiety, and that was a word before he went with the General Com- South Africa. Needless to say, it was a well thousands who had no prospect of finding it hands and the good-byes had, for most, to the people's deputy on this occasion was no Prince of Wales. The Prince's arrival was cheers, and General Sir Redvers Buller informal reception-room of the booking out of its shelter a few paces—while berated with cheers—and there said returning to the office, and the General through the throng of his friends to this defensive position endeavouring to dispose as possible in the time. But just before of Wales did what everyone at Waterloo everyone was glad to see him do. He stepped with outstretched hand, and, said he,

"Pillar: good-bye to you." In a sense the actual departure of the *Dundee* from Southampton with Sir Redvers Buller and his staff on board was a less typical, a less national, farewell than that at Waterbury. It was not less distinctive. It had no military display or pomp. The General commanding the district, General Sir Buller, and the Admiral commanding at Portsmouth, Admiral Culme Seymour, were, with the Mayor of Southampton, present to give General Buller an official reception. But Buller's staff, with a bluff disregard of that sort of things, drew up twenty yards from the appointed place, and the General, familiarly taking the arm of the Mayor, hurried off to the quay and had his hat upon the gangway almost before the spectators had realised his arrival. It was almost as difficult to recognise that it was "the man" as that this was the moment. Like the *Sirdar* when he came home—to return to the illustration with which this article began—General Buller, in his travelling tweeds, with his sun-tanned face and his hard felt hat, looked more like a typical country gentleman than the soldier whose iron fist and whose iron will have become a by-word. He looked more like one's notion of him, however, before the vessel left. For at the last, responsive to the shouts which called for him again and again, he went up to the captain's bridge. There the eager crowd peering the quay caught sight of him, and after the first stormy gust of cheers, found the right word and the right inspiration. Some few voices uncertainly broke into "God Save the Queen," and in a moment every voice had taken it up. On came the General's hat, and the hat of everyone in the crowd, and the familiar anthem pealed out with the solemnity of a psalm. It was a strange and moving sound, for

Dr. Troutbeck became Precentor of Westminster in 1895. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Vice-Admiral Philip Howard Colomb was the third son of the late Lieutenant-General George Thomas Colomb, and elder brother of Sir John Colomb, M.P. for Great Yarmouth. He was born in Scotland in 1831, and entered the Navy in November, 1846. He introduced a system of signals into the Army in 1859, and the present system of flashing signals for night, day, and in fog. He invented the system of interior lighting for warships, now used as alternative to the electric light. Admiral Colomb reached flag rank in April, 1887, and was advanced to the rank of vice-admiral in August, 1892. He was gold medallist of the Royal United Service Institution in 1878, was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a Younger Brother of the Trinity House, and Nautical Assessor to the House of Lords. The Admiral was also a prolific writer on naval subjects, both in the professional and non-service journals. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Right Rev. John Wale Hicks, Bishop of Bloemfontein, was educated privately at Torquay and Taunton, and came up to St. Thomas's Hospital. He graduated at London, taking with distinction the degrees of B.A., M.B., B.Sc., and then M.D. He won a scholarship at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1870. He was only a Senior Op. in the Mathematical Tripos, but was first in the First Class of the Natural Science Tripos, and in the following year he came out in the Second Class of the Theological Tripos. In the same year he was ordained, and in 1874 he was elected a Fellow of his College. He pursued the

and that the son of an influential Pasha has been arrested. Our portrait is from a photograph by Robert MacGill, Constantinople.

Lord Farrer, who died last week at his residence, Abinger Hall, Dorking, made his reputation and spent the greater part of his active life as a civil servant. Born in 1819, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, was called to the Bar, and then received an appointment at the Board of Trade. During his long service in that Department he was witness of the series of measures by which complete freedom of trade was established in the United Kingdom. His part in the earlier measures of fiscal relief was necessarily a subordinate one, but in later years, as head of the permanent staff of the Board of Trade, he played a very prominent part in completing in detail the Free Trade policy which had been frankly adopted by both political parties. He retired from the service in 1886, leaving a brilliant record behind him. In political feeling Lord Farrer was a Liberal, and when the great split came in 1886 he adhered to the Gladstonian section of the party. In 1889 he stood as a candidate for the first London County Council, and though unsuccessful at the poll, was subsequently selected by the Progressives to sit upon the Council as an alderman. His hard work for the Council was rewarded by his election to the deputy-chairmanship. In 1893 he was raised by Mr. Gladstone to a peerage under the title of Lord Farrer of Abinger. In the latter years of his life his advice on all intricate questions of finance or taxation was sought by both parties. On the death of Mr. Potter barely a twelvemonth ago Lord Farrer was unanimously elected to the Presidency of the Cobden Club. Lord Farrer's charming personality and his frank simplicity of manner won him



THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. W. HICKS, D.D.
Bishop of Bloemfontein



DJEVAD BEY
Murdered in Constantinople



THE LATE ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB



THE LATE REV. J. TROUTBECK, D.D.
Precentor of Westminster Abbey



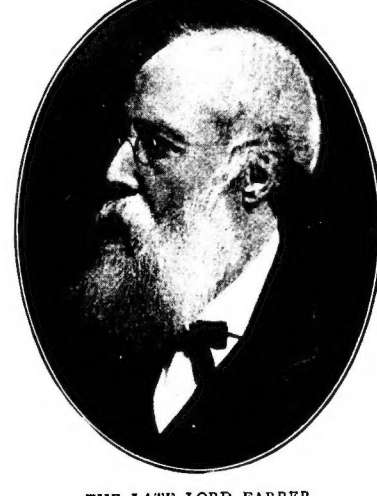
CAPTAIN RALPH NESBITT, V.C.
Wounded by the Boers



COLONEL R. H. HIME, C.M.G.
Minister of Public Works in Natal



THE LATE MR. TOWNELEY GREEN, R.I.
Water-Colour Artist



THE LATE LORD FARRER
Late Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade

many were singing with the tears streaming down their cheeks. Perhaps if it had been any but an English crowd this would have ended the scene, and would have been the typical farewell. But being an English crowd it could not let its hero go without a more personal recognition; and so it sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and sent him off with another round of cheers.

Our Portraits

By the death of a cancer of Dr. Troutbeck, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Precentor of Westminster Abbey, the Abbey has lost one of its most familiar figures, and the Church a servant whose services were not the less valuable because they had been of a quiet and unobtrusive character. He was ordained by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1855, and for three years was curate of St. Cuthbert's, Wells. He was then for six years Vicar of Dacre, Cumberland, and did not begin his connection with cathedral work until 1864, when he obtained a Minor Canonry at Manchester. In the following year he became a Precentor. In 1869 he was appointed to a Minor Canonry at Westminster, and was almost at once chosen as secretary of the New Testament Revision Company. To this he soon added an Examinership of Training Colleges in religious knowledge. For a time he was chaplain to the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, and in 1884 he was appointed one of the Queen's Hon. Chaplains, succeeding to a Chaplaincy in Ordinary in 1889.

customary activities of a college don for some years, adding to them, from 1885 to 1892, the office of examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln. In 1891 he was elected Bishop of Bloemfontein, and was consecrated in the following year at Cape Town. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Djevad Bey, son of his Highness the Grand Vizier and member of the Council of State, was murdered on the Galata Bridge, being shot in the back by an Albanian named Mustapha. The murderer attempted to escape, but was arrested after a struggle, during which he was wounded on the head by a stroke from the sabre of a naval officer. He is a native of Lesh, in Scutari (Albania), named Hadji Mustapha, and declares that he arrived in Constantinople only a month ago in search of employment. A sum of £287 was found in his possession. He strenuously denies that he committed the crime. Djevad enjoyed considerable notoriety in Constantinople, having led a very wild, dissolute life. His name is associated with innumerable scandalous affairs, but in view of the exalted position of his father he was able to escape with impunity. The Grand Vizier, an octogenarian in enfeebled health, has received a severe shock by the tragic fate of his son. There is much speculation as to the motive for the crime, and various explanations are given. At first it was generally believed to have been revenge for the murder of Ghani Bey, the Albanian Colonel of the Palace Guards, who was shot some months ago by a Turkish officer, Hafiz Pasha. Ghani and Djevad were known to have been great enemies, and it was therefore thought that Djevad's assassination might have been due to vendetta. It is also reported that several important personages are suspected of duplicity in the crime,

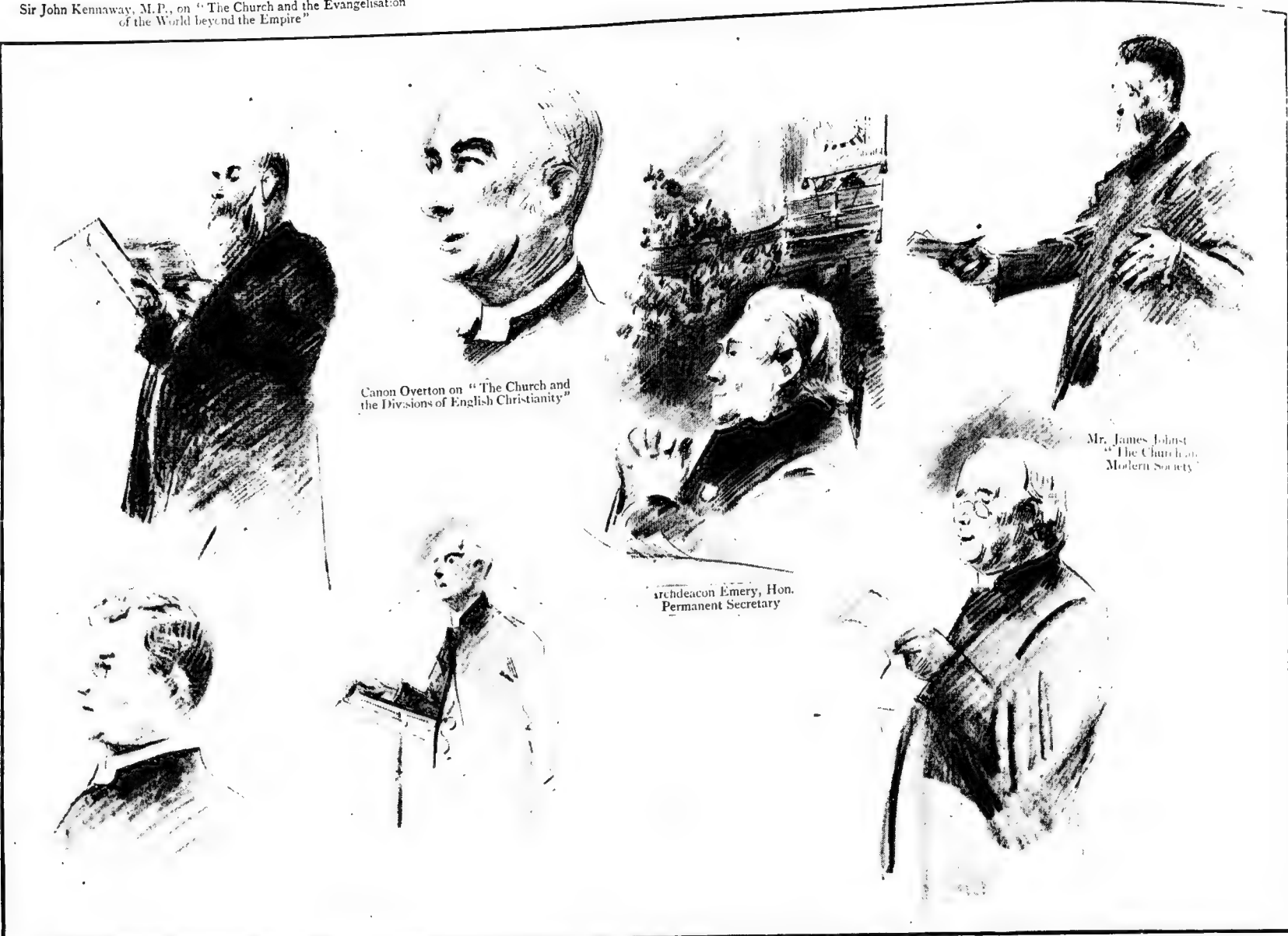
hosts of friends. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Towneley Green, R.I., elder brother of the late Charles Green, R.I., died on Monday last week from the effects of an operation for a growth on the jaw. Four years the senior of his brother Charles, Towneley Green began his career in a bank, but, influenced by the artistic success achieved by his brother, he forsook business and took up black-and-white work. Like his brother, he was a popular member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and was throughout his career a regular contributor to the exhibitions. His genial presence will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. His death breaks the last link in an interesting and artistic association. His father and Thomas Hood the elder married sisters; the brothers Green and the late Tom Hood were consequently cousins. Our portrait is from a photograph by the Misses Dalziel.

Captain Ralph Cosby Nesbitt, V.C., of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, who is reported to be slightly wounded, was in command of the armoured train which was destroyed by the Boers when trying to carry ammunition into Mafeking. Full particulars of Captain Nesbitt's plucky exploit will be found in our war news.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hime, C.M.G., is Minister of Public Works for Natal. Colonel Hime was Commanding Officer of Royal Engineers in the Zulu War, and some years ago was engaged in making a Government survey of the Natal frontier. His services to the colony have always been of the utmost value. Our portrait is from a photograph by Sherwood, Pietermaritzburg.

Sir John Kennaway, M.P., on "The Church and the Evangelisation of the World beyond the Empire"



The Archdeacon of London on "Divisions in the Church"

The Dean of Hereford on "Sunday Amusements"

The Archdeacon of Rochester on "The Principles of Ritualism"

THE CHURCH CONGRESS: PORTRAIT SKETCHES AT THE MEETINGS IN THE ALBERT HALL
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



THE RAW MATERIAL OF WHICH SOLDIERS ARE MADE: RECRUITS AT MORNING DRILL
WAR PREPARATIONS AT ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The Bishop of London's pithy advice to wives to display patience with disagreeable husbands comes peculiarly opportunely now, when the hurly-burly of life and the consequent hurry and excitement, patience is the last quality we find. Pitt, when asked once what was the greatest virtue a statesman could possess, answered "Patience." It is a characteristic which, unlike many others, improves with keeping, and, no doubt, all the great rulers of men have possessed it. The present generation of women are singularly deficient in it, and singularly deficient also in the art of managing husbands, which being interpreted simply means the exercise of a little good-humoured patience. An extraordinary instance of what a woman's tact may accomplish is to be found in the history of Caroline of Anspach, who ruled King George II., who in his turn was ruled by the great minister Walpole, the latter confessing that without the Queen's assistance he could never have carried the necessary measures. Patience, which women often despise as weakness, is in reality the gift of the strongest nature, and stamps the quality of success.

This and the next will be months of marriages. The weddings of Lord Castlereagh, Lady Comarby, and Lord Longford, have been announced to take place shortly, but the former, of course, is postponed, owing to the sad death of Lord Reginald Stewart, lame from his birth, and leaving the seeds of an insidious disease abut him from childhood. Lord Reginald showed a love of engineering and an intelligence which was sadly hampered by his deformity. There is something particularly sad in a young life cut short, especially when it is associated with the death of a person of high character. Those whom the gods love die young, we say, and yet we wish to lose our darlings prematurely, even at the price of such a function?

Long coats, strapped at the waist, begin to be comfortable, and will be much worn this year. They are excellent for walking, unless the dress is very short, but delightful for travelling and driving. Warm, ruddy hues of red and brown, in serges and tweeds, prove universally becoming, and make up well, but the three-quarter coats and cloaks certainly have a tendency to make us look dowdy, especially when worn with the granny bonnets and the strings tied under the chin. I regret to hear that pockets will still be conspicuous by their absence, even though dresses are fastened in front or at the side. I should have thought by this time women would have rebelled at the inconvenience of carrying little bags or their purses in their hands.

Now that so many women are going out as Army nurses, one is more than ever impressed with the extreme becomingness of a nurse's costume. What is it that gives the impression of good looks to the plainest face, is it the trimness and neatness, or the simplicity and serviceableness of the costume? Suffice it, that one perfectly understands the many cases of affection inspired by pretty nurses, and the charm with which their quiet presence is infused. Rustle, noise, fal-lals are all equally disagreeable to the sick person suffering from nerves, and it may be the noiseless woollen dress alone that proves a busy factor in the patient's recovery. Nurses may hug the glad knowledge to their bosoms that not only are they more useful, but infinitely more attractive than the mass of their sisters in the eyes of men.

Many people may not be aware that this is the moment when the ceps, a species of mushroom much prized abroad, is to be found in perfection on heaths and waste lands and in woods. It forms a particular edible dish of agreeable flavour, but requires cooking for three hours in order to remove all leathery toughness. Several other kinds of fungi are really good to eat, some of which have a kind of resemblance to the ceps, which, however, may always be known by its thick stem and its delicate odour. Owing to the drought mushrooms have not been as good as usual this season, but the heat has in nowise affected the ceps.

It is the fashion to call autumn weather depressing and to bewail the absence of summer, yet what can be more delightful than

these bright sunny days, full of a wonderful zest and exhilaration, when exercise is not only possible but pleasant, and the garden rejoices in a medley of summer and autumn plants? Check by jowl flower Michaelmas daisies, tea roses, geraniums and fuchsias, the sun-flowers and dahlias still stand erect in their haughtiness, notwithstanding the frosts that begin to nip the more delicate blossoms. The golden and ruddy colouring of the woods, the bright brown bracken, the brilliant Virginia creeper, the crimson oak leaves form a delicious glow of colour, strewing the roads with a golden carpet, and giving a piquancy and variety to the foliage, which was utterly lacking during the monotony of the summer verdure. Then the beginning of fires is a pleasant sensation. It is nice to come in tingling from a walk or a chilly drive and find the welcome glow and sparkle of the wood fire awaiting you beside the tea-table, for on no account must one burn coal yet, but only beechen logs and sputtering oak branches.

Further experience of the District Refreshment Association and the reformed public-house has taught me that there is no such thing as an ideal public-house. Every such focus of drink spreads the evil around, and the more attractive the premises, the more refined in their aspect, the less respectable people fear to enter their portals. It is sad to see the neatly dressed women who, even in the country, will take their children with them and go and drink in a public-house, while even young girls of sixteen or thereabouts may be seen regaling themselves with beer on a bench outside.

Madame Juliette Adam, the well-known French writer, has severed her connection with the *Nouvelle Revue*. A remarkable personality and a very able woman, it was said of her that the Republic was born in her *salon*, where all the great men in politics and literature congregated. In her *Nouvelle Revue* she was able to encourage young writers and to introduce them to the world. In this way she caused Bourget, Loti and others to achieve fame. She and Madame Severine, who proved herself a hearty champion of Captain Dreyfus, are the two best known and cleverest feminine journalists in France.



DRAWN BY G. P. JACOMB HOOD

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

WRITING THEIR LAST LETTERS HOME BEFORE LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON OFF TO THE WAR: A SKETCH ON A TRANSPORT

The Tsar of Russia, who is now at Darmstadt, travels in a most luxurious train, which is constructed to run quite noiselessly, the carriages, of which there are eleven, all painted in blue and gold, are connected by a telephone, lighted by electricity, and warmed artificially. The cars comprise a kitchen, dining, drawing room, boudoir, and bedroom car. Most of them are furnished with Russia leather, and the children's cots are low and are luxuriously padded. To travel in such a train would certainly remove most of the fatigue and discomforts that await ordinary passengers, and one is therefore not surprised to hear that Royal personages emerge after a long journey looking fresh and perfectly dressed.



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY
Mover



LORD BARNARD
Seconder



SIR A. ACKLAND HOOD
Mover



COLONEL ROYDS
Seconder

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS

The War Session

By HENRY W. LUCY

A DIVISION taken early after the assembling of the House of

Commons for the War Session revealed the presence of upwards of four hundred members. Considering the period of the year and the fineness of the weather this furnishes remarkable testimony to the sense of duty that animates our legislators. Of course there was interchange of grumbling at holiday journeys shortened, moors and country houses abandoned. All the same, there bubbled up that exuberance of spirits that ever marks an opening day, strengthening the resemblance between the House of Commons and a public school.

On the whole, as in truth often happens in the High Court of Parliament, the proceedings of the first sitting fell far short of just expectation in the matter of dramatic incident. To begin with, Mr. James Lowther struck a depressing note when he insisted upon taking a division on his amendment to the Standing Order, breathing threats of pain and penalties against any Peer who shall interfere with the election of a member of the House of Commons. Everyone, prominently including Mr. Lowther, is aware that the ordinance is a dead letter. Less than a year ago, as on Tuesday, Mr. Lowther jubilantly reminded an impatient audience that no less a person than the Lord High Chancellor was taken *flagrante delicto*. But the House had heard all this before. Mr. Lowther's first disclosure of the incident was made ever memorable by Sir William Hart Dyke's delightful admission that "the right hon. gentleman had gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish." On Tuesday, summoned at a National crisis, fronted by actual war and the probability of being called upon to authorise increased taxation piled up on a sorely burdened back, the House was not disposed to pump up merri-ment over a worn-out jest. Mr. Lowther, usually a favourite commanding

pleased attention, spoke amid a continuous buzz of conversation. All the same he took his division, completing the loss of a good half-hour.

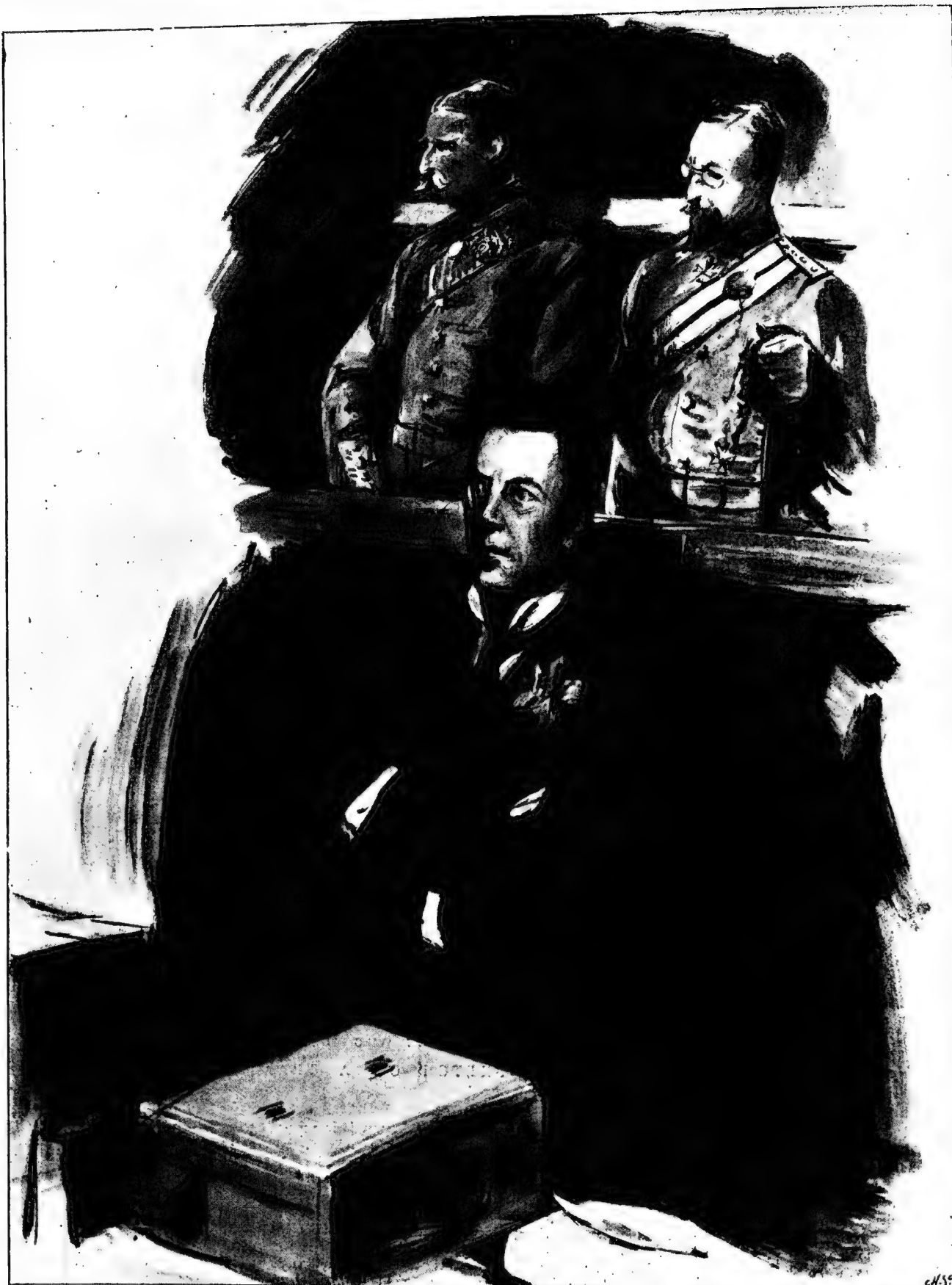
It was the speech of the Leader of the Opposition that finally and completely smothered anything like invigorating fight. At the opening of his speech he read from manuscript,

with which he had been careful to provide himself, sentences that unreservedly associated him with Her Majesty's Government in the position of the moment. "Sir," he said, "two British Colonies have been invaded by an armed force, actual hostilities have commenced, an aggression it is the plain duty of us all—Ministers, Parliament and people—to resist." There was the be-

ginning in the middle, and end of the matter, and there remained nothing for a responsible Englishman to add beyond Sir Henry's next declaration that "there will be no disposition on the part of the House to place any obstacle in the way of granting such supplies or such powers to the Queen as may be requisite in order to secure the rapid and effective prosecution of a war so commenced."

Unhappily for the genial and capable Leader of the Opposition he has ever before him the task found impossible by a famous bishop of trying to walk on both sides of the way. It was all very well to discharge the duties of a patriot Briton, meeting reward in the ringing cheers of the pleased Ministerialists. But close by him sat Sir William Harcourt in company with Mr. John Morley, and behind them more than a score of esteemed friends and personal followers. It would never do for the Leader of the Opposition to close his countenance to debate by unqualified expression of support of the Government. Sir Henry accordingly, beating about, whilst admitting that the time for minute criticism had not yet arrived, stated dislike of certain points in the policy and action of the Colonial Secretary. As Mr. Harcourt put it, the cause of inspiration of the half of the speech was evidently different from the source of inspiration of the other half. What professes to be the utterance of an individual on a public occasion formed part of two separate speeches delivered by two different individuals on two diverse occasions.

That was very true, and the fact lost nothing of its sharpness by reason of the smiling courtesy of the genial good nature with which it was inserted. The House, an exceedingly shrewd observer, precisely understood the situation. The Leader of the Opposition not strictly of one mind was obliged to turn aside for a moment to



Mr. Chamberlain's entrance into the House was remarkable. He carried a very large red despatch box, not by the handle, but in both hands. His orchid was red, and when he took his place the Mover and Seconder of the Address sat in red behind him.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: "TWIXT PEN AND SWORD"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

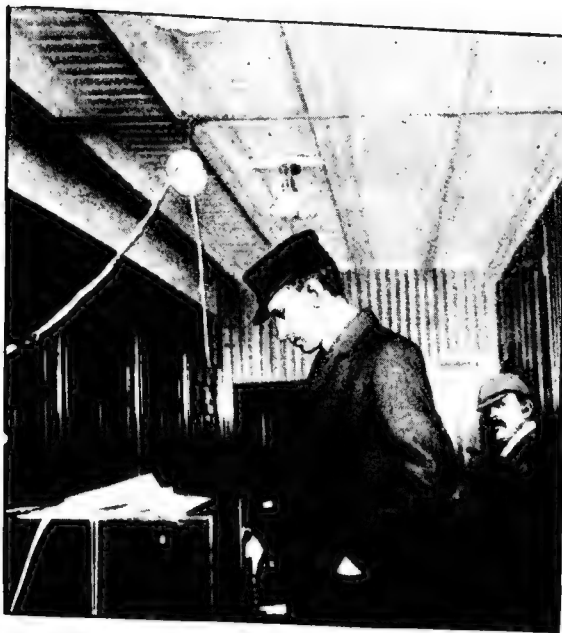
play to his gallery, however comparatively scanty were its occupants. But nothing could detract from the solemnly spoken sentences in which he had at the outset ranged himself in line with the Government confronting the common enemy. A curious incident that followed completely the disruption of a sitting that for all practical purposes might have been wound up with the reply of the Leader of the House to the observations of the Captain of the Opposition. It was known that the Irish members were prepared with an amendment to the Address, going as far as was safe on this side of the Channel in the direction of certain resolutions passed at meetings in Ireland, at which Dr. Tanner has prominently figured. This was an awkward position for the Radical section of the Opposition. They, not less than



MR. ARTHUR HOGGARTH
Chief Skipper of the *Shamrock*

the Irishmen, wanted to "get at" the Government, particularly at Mr. Chamberlain. With their constituents looking on, and the prospects of a General Election not far distant, it would never do to appear to champion the cause of the gentle Boer, or justify an Ultimatum ordering the Queen to withdraw her troops from her own territories. Another amendment, less violent in its language, was introduced, and committed to the charge of Mr. Philip Stanhope. Then came a series of manoeuvring between the Irish Nationalist and their sometimes allies to get in first. Mr. Stanhope, privily approaching the Speaker, succeeded in obtaining promise of precedence for his amendment. Jubilant at his success, he went out to put the finishing touches to his convincing oration. In the meanwhile, no one rising to follow the sixth contribution to the debate, the Speaker rose to submit the motion. Mr. Dillon seeing his opportunity, instantly seized it, and Mr. Stanhope, presently returning, had the pleasure of finding his hon. friend on his legs in for an hour's speech expository of his inconvenient amendment. Thus it came to pass that the real debate on the Address did not continue its succession to the Front Bench speeches till the second day of the sitting.

Our portrait of the Marquis of Granby is from a photograph by Mackenzie, Birnam; of Lord Barnard, by Yeoman, Barnard Castle; of Sir A. Ackland-Hood by Mayall and Co., New Bond Street, and of Colonel Royds by Dickinson and Foster.



Mr. Marconi
Mr. Marconi has brought his wonderful invention into use during the races for the *America* Cup, and has been able to report from a steamer to the shore the progress of the race by means of wireless telegraphy
THE PROGRESS OF THE RACE BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The "America" Cup Contest

NEVER did Lord Beaconsfield's saying, "the unexpected always happens," come more true than in the prolonged struggle between *Shamrock* and *Columbia*. After seven successive failures to bring off even one of the five matches, the public on both sides of the Atlantic lost almost all interest in further proceedings. Stark calms alternated with dense fogs, and as meteorological indications presaged similar conditions of weather last Monday, the general impression in England was that, even if a start was made, the course would not be sailed within the prescribed time. Nor was this foreboding without grounds; the wind remained light almost throughout the race, and, had it died down as on previous occasions, another failure would have been added to the previous ones. Fortunately the breeze rather increased than diminished in strength as the day wore on, while the surface of the sea remained so smooth that the way of the yachts was not stopped by wave buffets on their weather bows when beating to windward. In spite, however, of that advantage, their speed averaged no more than six miles an hour, or less than half what *Shamrock* logged in one of her trial spins when a fresh breeze filled her enormous sails. That was, however, on a reach, whereas in Monday's race it was a beat to windward for the first fifteen miles and a run before the wind

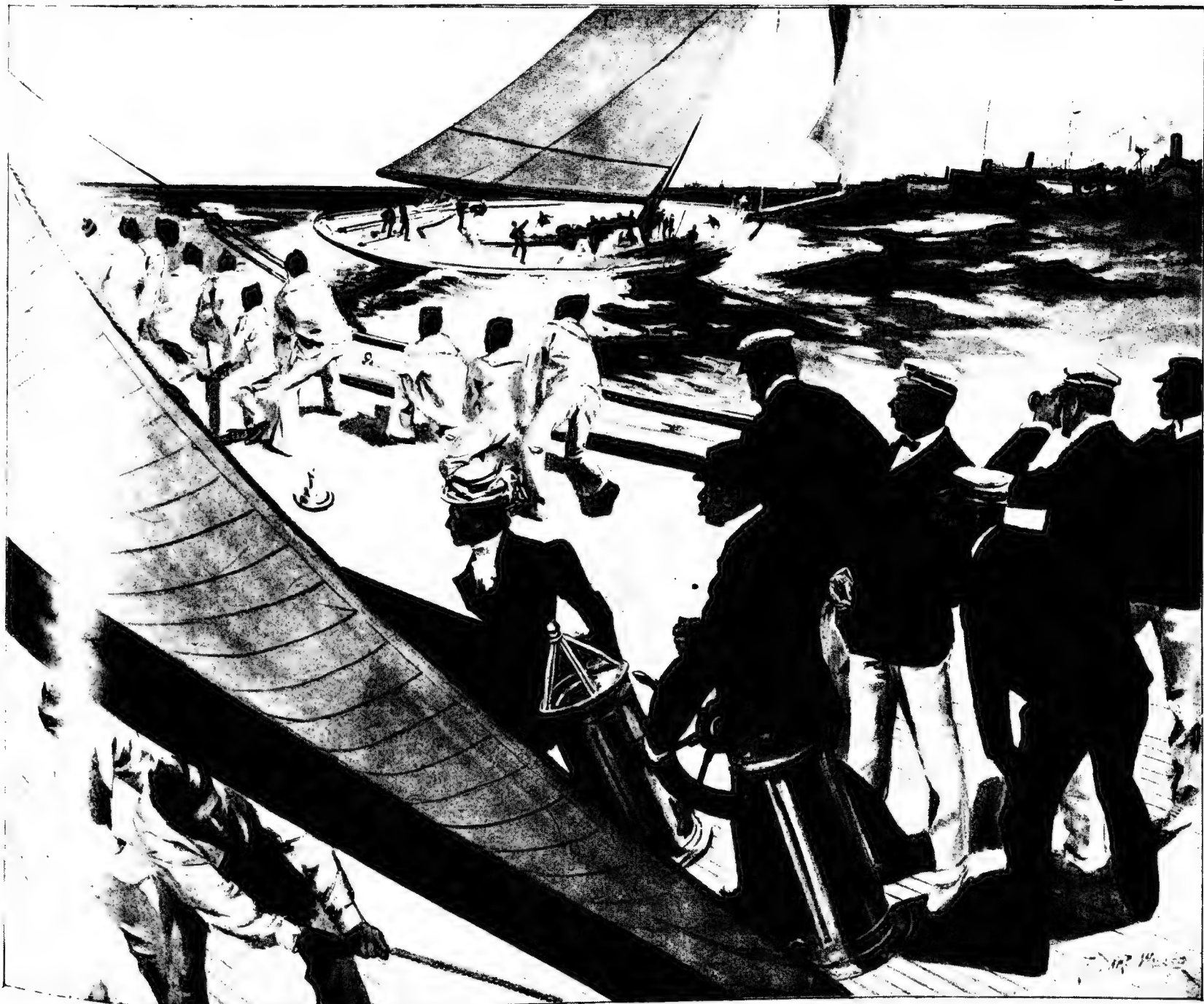
on the homeward journey. Yachting experts who had carefully watched and critically compared the respective performances of the two craft on the previous occasions, judged that, whereas *Shamrock* had a little the better of her antagonist in mere drifting zephyrs, *Columbia* was the faster in six and seven knot breezes. On Monday both the wind and weather conditions exactly suited *Columbia*, who drew away immediately after the start and steadily lengthened her lead to the mark-boat. Not only did she point higher than Sir Thomas Lipton's beautiful cutter, but went quite as fast through the water, thus gaining ground to windward on every tack. It was a perfectly sound test of sailing quality under the prevailing conditions; *Columbia* beat *Shamrock* fairly and squarely on every point of sailing up to the mark-boat and even her running. Nor is there any question that the American boat would



MR. CHARLES BARR
Skipper of the *Columbia*

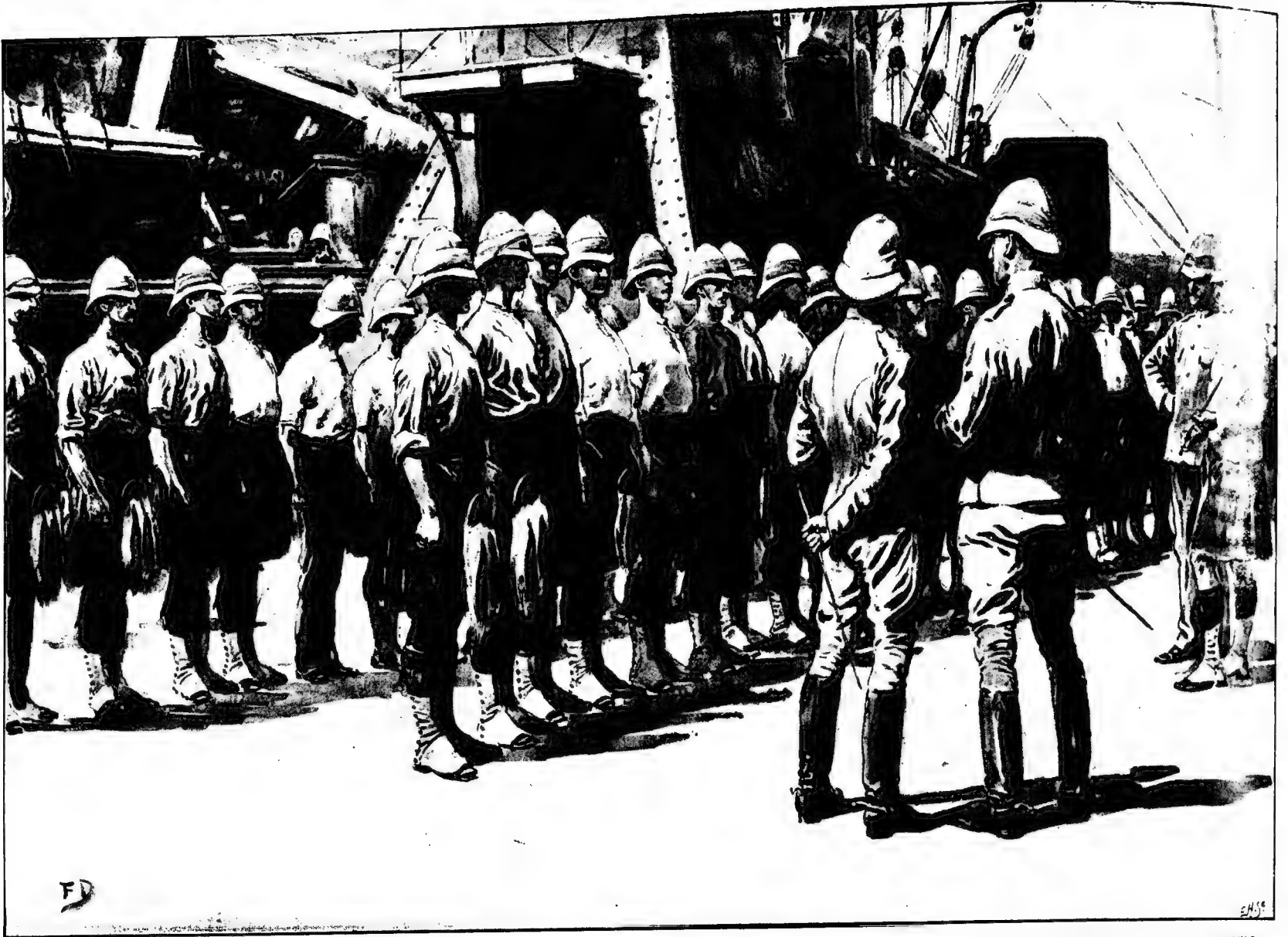
always display the same superiority under the same conditions; the wonderful way in which she "ate into the wind" was as surprising to British spectators of the race as was the windward work of the famous schooner which carried the Cup to the States to English yachtsmen of that time. The return from the mark-boat was, as predicted, merely a procession, the leading boat gaining about half a minute in the fifteen miles.

On Tuesday everything promised a most interesting race, the triangular course being adapted to test the comparative merits of the cutters on other points of sailing, especially reaching. There was a stiffer breeze, too, with every likelihood of its increasing, while the sea, although not what a sailor would consider rough, had sufficient "kick" in it to give advantage to the *Shamrock* if she was, as her friends claimed, the better sea boat. They theorised that whereas she rode over waves *Columbia* plumped her bows with them whenever they were "choppy." So far as the race went, it tended to confirm the previous day's pronouncement. But owing to the unfortunate carrying away of *Shamrock's* topmast, it is impossible to determine what the result would have been had the whole course been sailed. The balance of evidence favours the assumption that the *Shamrock* is no more the equal of *Columbia* in fair yacht-racing weather than *Valkyrie III.* was of *Defender*.



MANŒUVRING FOR THE START IN THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT A RACE: A CLOSE SHAVE

THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. M. A. CHAMBERS

A PARADE IN SHIRT SLEEVES ON THE QUAY BEFORE EMBARKING
OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS LEAVING BOMBAY



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAJA DEEN DAVAL AND SONS, SECUNDERABAD

A Correspondent writes:—"The 19th Hussars (500 men and 513 horses) left Secunderabad on September 18, 19, and 20, in six special troop trains, two on each day. Major Aylmer was in command. Both officers and men looked fit and well, and in the best of spirits. The work of entraining the horses was done with

great rapidity. The departure of the troops each day was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd, and the bands and drums of the Lincolnshire and Cheshire regiments played them to the troop siding. Our illustration shows how an obstinate animal was induced to enter his box.

OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE 19TH HUSSARS ENTRAINING HORSES AT SECUNDERABAD

THE OPERATING ROOM

THE OFFICERS' WARD

THE SECOND WARD, WITH THE LIFT



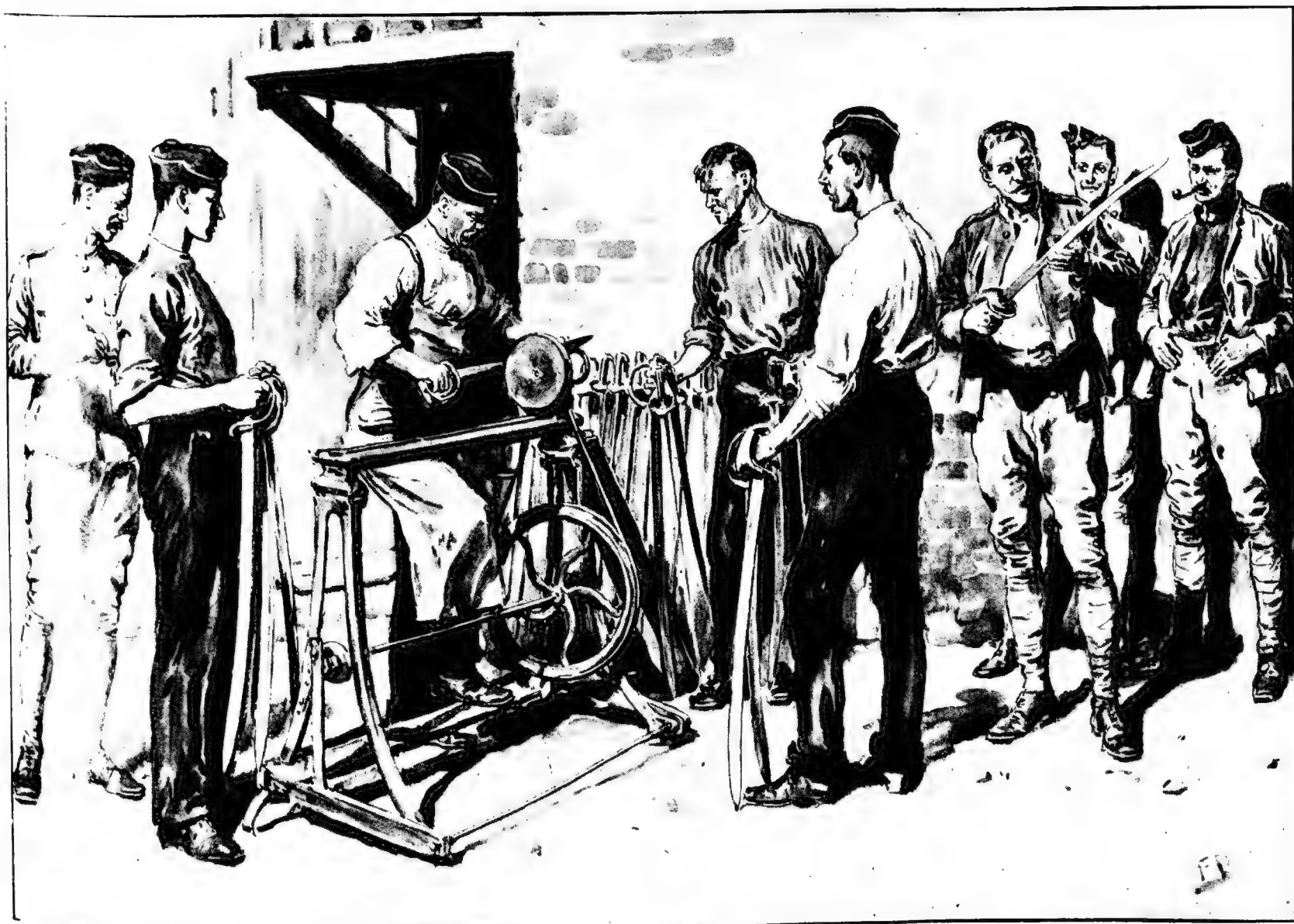
THE LARGE WARD

THE LIFT RAISED TO THE LEVEL OF THE DECK

The *Spartan*, the first hospital ship to leave for the Cape, belongs to the Union Steamship Company. She is an iron screw vessel of 3,437 tons, and was built by Messrs. Thomson, at Glasgow, in 1881. Captain Bayldon is in charge, and on board are members of the Royal Army Medical Corps, nursing sisters, and a full crew

OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA: ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP "SPARTAN"

DRAWN BY W. F. YOUNG



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

When a cavalry regiment receives orders to proceed abroad on active service, the swords of the men are taken to the armourers' and sharpened. As may be imagined, the armourers have had plenty to do lately. Our illustration shows them making the swords of the 13th Hussars fit for service

WAR PREPARATIONS: SHARPENING CAVALRY SWORDS AT ALDERSHOT

Chronicle of the War

ON Tuesday, October 10, Paul Kruger, President of the South African Republic, attained his seventy-fourth birthday; and part of his birthday celebrations essentially took the form of an ultimatum, which was presented that morning to the British Government. It had been dated and delivered to Mr. Greene, our Resident in the Transvaal, the day before—Monday—but it was only on Tuesday morning that it reached Downing Street, and while Pretoria, on their President's birthday, was gay with flags and resonant with joyful salutes, the City of London was almost frantic with enthusiasm over the spectacle of a hundred New South Wales Lancers, who had finished their six months' training at Aldershot, and were marching to the ship that was to take them out to South Africa, where, as loyal "sons of the Empire," they had volunteered to a man to serve the cause of the Empire in the event of a war between Britain and Boer.

The Boer Ultimatum in question was perhaps the most arrogant, ignorant, and insolent document that was ever presented by one Government to another. It was probably precipitated at Pretoria by the news that orders had been issued in London a few days previously for the immediate mobilisation of an Army Corps of 53,000 men to proceed to South Africa, and by the consequent conviction on the part of the Boers that their only military chance lay in anticipating the inevitable and taking time by the forelock. But from the moral and political point of view the Boers thus put themselves as flagrantly in the wrong as did the French in 1870. In his answer to the Boer Ultimatum Mr. Chamberlain simply declared that its demands were such as to render them quite impossible of discussion, and from the moment Mr. Kruger received this reply, or rather from the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11,

the British Empire and the Boer Republic were in a state of war.

Next day Mr. Conyngham Greene, our Agent at Pretoria, who had congratulated Mr. Kruger on his birthday twenty-four hours previously, waited upon the President to receive his passports, and, in his capacity of a private person, to take leave of the Chief of the Republic and his officials, after handing over the protection of the interests of British subjects remaining in the Transvaal to the care of the United States Consul. But, indeed, the number of his *protégés* will not be large, seeing that all British subjects who had not received

500 guineas—for the relief of those poor victims of Boer tyranny and misrule. It was Boer threats to maltreat and murder British subjects, which caused Mr. Chamberlain to remind Mr. Kruger and his Government "that he would be held responsible for any acts committed contrary to the usages of civilised people." As for Mr. Greene himself, he and his family and staff were, on their departure from Pretoria, treated with a correct, if artificial, courtesy—a number of the President's own bodyguard being told off to escort the party to the Free State frontier in a special saloon train, whence they were conveyed in a similar manner to the borders of Cape Colony.

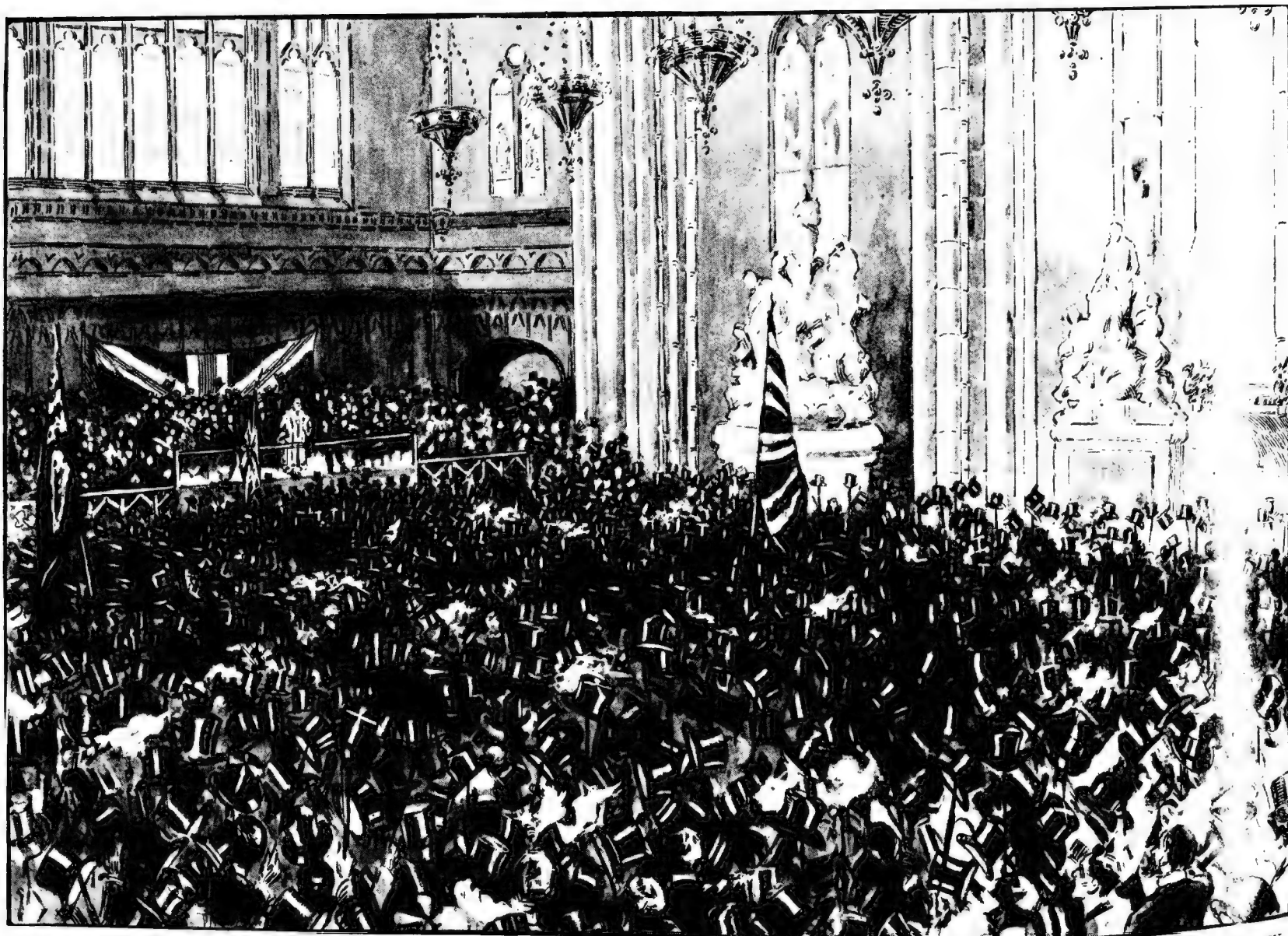


The 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment went from Gibraltar to the Cape by the *ss. Goth*, of the Union Line. At Cape Town they landed and were inspected by Sir F. Forestier Walker. They afterwards re-embarked and proceeded in the *Goth* to Durban, where they entrained for the front. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Wallace Bradley, Durban.

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT ENTRAINING AT DURBAN

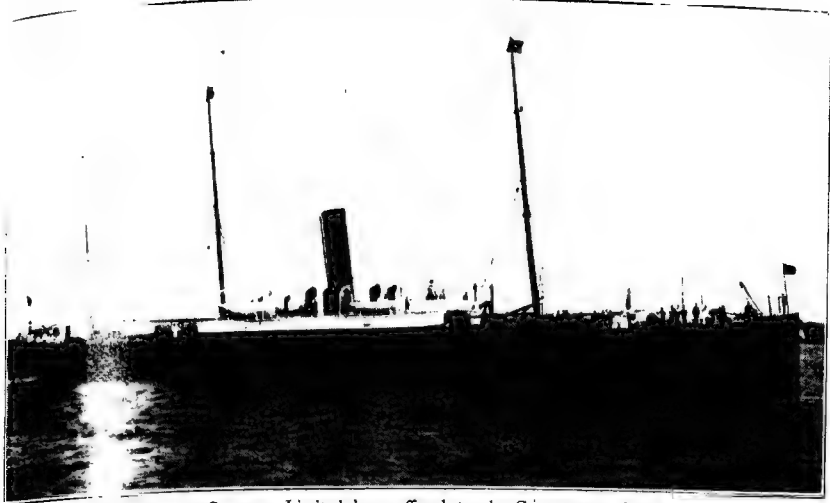
special permits were "recommended" to the Transvaal within eight days. A similar decree was simultaneously issued in the Orange Free State, which, identifying itself with the suicidal fatuity of its Boer Republic beyond the Vaal, affirmed its President to the echo of the Transvaal, throwing off any thin mask of neutrality he had still retained. He denounced the British Government as an "unscrupulous oppressor" and called upon the burghers to "stand up as one man against the oppressor and violator of rights." At the same time President Kruger exhorted his own people "not to trust in themselves, but in the Almighty, who direct every bullet."

To a New York journal he telegraphed that "the two Republics are determined that they must belong to England, at a price which will have to be paid which will stagger humanity." What the exact meaning of this Delphic utterance was did not clearly appear, but some little light has already, by anticipation, been thrown upon it by the bigamy of the Boer Government in "commandeering" that is to say appropriating, well on to a million sterling's worth of gold belonging to British subjects, and by the revolting brutality of the Boers to Uitlander refugees, especially women and children, whose numbers and whose misery soon became so great that the Lord Mayor of London, at the request of Sir A. Milner, opened a Mansion House Fund—to which the Queen has contributed



PATRIOTISM IN THE CITY: THE GREAT MEETING AT THE GUILDHALL TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT'S SOUTH AFRICAN POLICY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



The Admiralty Transport Company, Limited, have offered to the Government the gratuitous use of their steamship *Maine* as a hospital ship for so long a period as the war in South Africa may continue, including the free services of the officers and crew. The Government has accepted this generous offer, and the *Maine* will shortly sail for the voyage.

THE SS *MAINE*, WHICH HAS BEEN GRATUITOUSLY LOANED AS A HOSPITAL SHIP.

Martial law was successively declared in the two Boer Republics and Natal, while in the Queen's South African dominions proclamations were issued by the High Commissioner—one of them being countersigned by Mr. Schreiner, Premier of Cape Colony, menacing with the pains and penalties of high treason all who, untrue to their allegiance by word or deed, should dare to side with or abet the Queen's enemies. Last of all, a severe and very necessary censorship was introduced over all telegraphs within the bounds of the Imperial Government in South Africa—a fact which, coupled with the circumstance that the Boers have also cut the wires at several points, will explain at once the lateness and the incompleteness of the military news which now reaches us from South Africa. It would, indeed, be playing into the hands of the enemy to allow our war correspondents to telegraph full details as to the whereabouts and numbers of our troops. It was from a telegram to a London daily, re-telegraphed to the German headquarters in France via Berlin, that Moltke discovered the position of MacMahon's Army, which enabled him to change his line of march accordingly, and envelope the French at Sedan. Hence, to obviate similar detriment to our military interests in South Africa, a rigid censorship of telegrams is also exercised at this end of the cables, code-messages being for the time forbidden as well from England as from Madeira.

As for the purely military intelligence which has reached us since the birthday of the war, the 11th inst., much of this has been very sparse, conjectural, and in many cases contradictory, not to say sensational and untrue; and it is to be hoped that our news-caterers will now perceive the wisdom of not repeating the journalistic scandals which marked the outbreak of the Hispano-American War. As for the Boers, they are, of course, entirely without war correspondents, English ones at least—those "curses of modern armies," as Lord Wolseley once called them—and therefore it is now impossible for us to know exactly what they are doing. All statements, official or otherwise, from their side must be received with the utmost caution—not to say scepticism, seeing that they have every motive to deceive us—to exaggerate their numbers and gains, to mislead us as to their intentions, and to minimise their reverses; in fact to surround us with an atmosphere of fiction and falsehood. But the net result of the first few days of warfare was this: On our Natal border the Boers of both Republics have massed the bulk of their forces—those of the Transvaal under the redoubtable Joubert of Mafeking, and of the Free State under the Earl of Groot Drakenstein as first announced, and then as first announced, member of the Volksraad for Philippolis, aged thirty-five, a well-educated man, who represents his Government at the Chicago Exhibition.

Those Boer commandos or battalions who have been mobilised and moved towards the frontier some considerable time before the presentation of the Ultimatum, certainly did not allow the grass to grow beneath their feet, seeing that in three separate columns they made a move towards Natal on the morning after the declaration of war. On the 1st there was a mixed column of Transvaal and Free State burghers with a large number of volunteers, who marched through Botha's Pass; in the afternoon was the main column under Joubert, which crossed the Tugela River and advanced by way of Mafeking; while the left column, a large commando, marching by Moll's Nek and Wool's Drift, advanced from Wakkerstroom. The objective of all these three columns—whose strategy was clearly indicated in Moltke's "march separately, still united"—was Newcastle, which was occupied on the night of the 1st, seeing that movement was the strategic prudence enjoined upon us the wisdom of selecting Glencoe Junction, covering the coal depôts at Dundee, as an important point of resistance, and Lord Smith, further south still, as our main point of defence.

there have been "alarms and excursions," reconnoitring and bucketing about, but nothing more serious than the capture of six Natal mounted police by the Boers, and their exchange of a few shots with a picket of the King's Royal Rifles, has taken place.

A little more serious has been the development of events on the western or Bechuanaland side of the theatre of war, where the Boers have destroyed the railway at several points north and south of Kimberley, isolating Diamondopolis from Mafeking on one side, and from Cape Town on the other—a result all the more gratifying to the Boers as Kimberley now contains Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Napoleon of South Africa, just as Sedan contained the Napoleon of the Second Empire; and of Kimberley they hope to make a South African Sedan. Vain hope, no doubt, in view of the entrenchments with which it has been surrounded, and of the strong determined garrison which holds it under Colonel Kekewich, of the 1st Loyal North Lancashires. The same remark applies to Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell is in command, and to Tuli, which is covered by Colonel Plumer. The operations of the week can be traced in our map supplement.

But the Boers may boast that they scored the first successes of the war, just as the Germans allowed the French to brag that they achieved the first victory of 1870 at Saarbrück, where poor Prince "Lulu" got his famous "baptism of fire;" and of those initial Boer successes the most considerable—apart from the destruction of railway bridges on the Cape Bulawayo line, and the cutting of wires—was the destruction of an armoured train between Vryburg and Mafeking, and the consequent capture of a couple of antiquated seven-pounders with some Lyddite shells—a train which fell into their hands in spite of the plucky resistance of Captain Nesbit, an old St. Paul's School boy, who won his V.C. in the Matabele War. But the bombardment of this derailed train did not say much for the excellence of the Boer artillery. There has been desultory fighting both at Mafeking and Kimberley, in every case adverse to the Boers, though accurate details are not yet to hand. Another week will probably see the war started in earnest; and meanwhile it only remains to be said that the foreign legions—Irish, German, &c., which have taken the field with the Boers, will be more than counterbalanced by the contingents of our "Sons of the Empire." C. L.

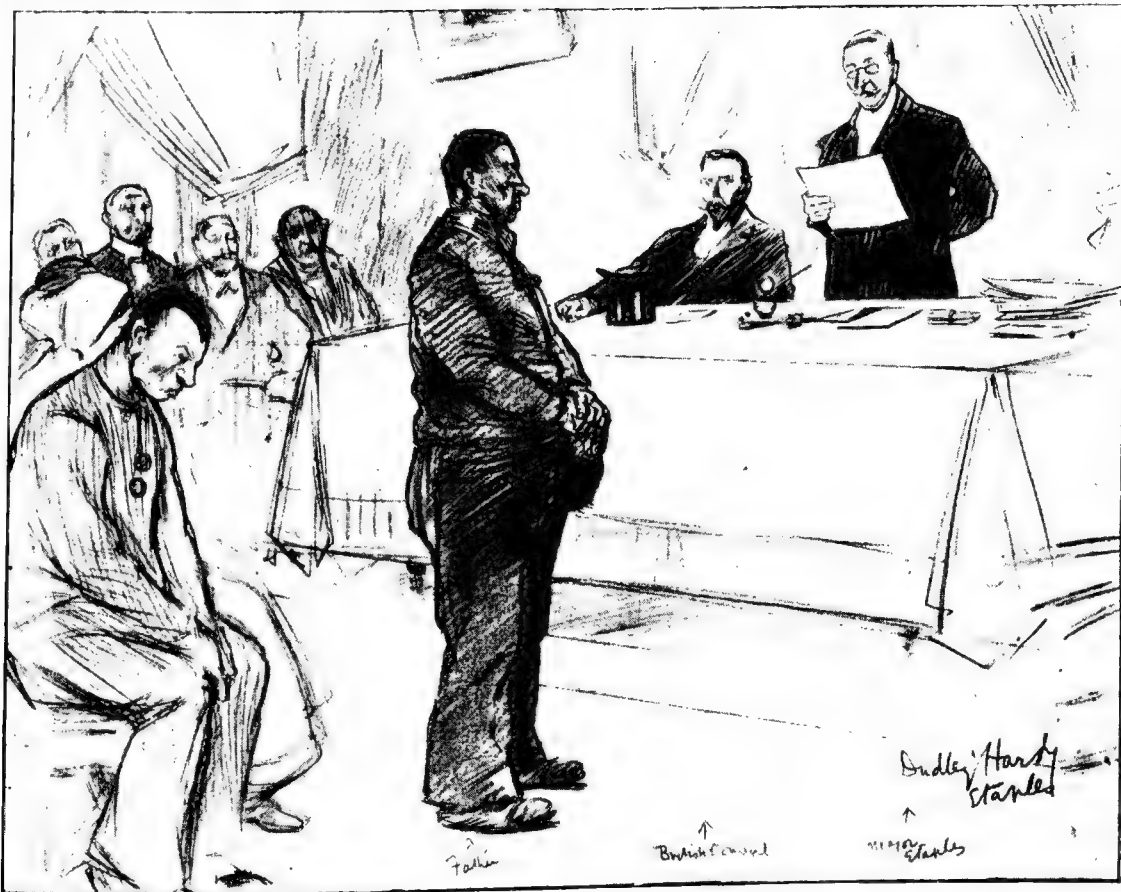
The Guildhall Meeting

IN five years out of six the most imposing occasion over which the Lord Mayor has to preside is the Annual Banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers at the Guildhall. There is little doubt that the coming banquet will conserve this tradition; but glittering and impressive as that occasion is bound to be it will hardly transcend in interest the unique meeting in which the citizens of the City of London last Monday pledged their support to the policy which Her Majesty's Ministers have adopted in South Africa. Long before the time for the formal opening of the meeting by the Lord Mayor, every seat and every corner was taken; and a band considerably placed in the musicians' gallery kept the waiting loyalists engaged in spirited renderings of "Rule Britannia" and "Soldiers of the Queen." They had plenty of other diversions for the time on their hands. One was the arrival of a body of members of the Stock Exchange, who arrived in military formation with City constables for sergeants of companies; another was the disposition of a huge Union Jack on the platform. The flag had been draped over the Lord Mayor's chair; but a loud cry from the hall that "it would never do to allow the flag to be sat on," was the signal for a demand that it should be placed in a more commanding position. When, finally, it was hung on the oak panelling behind the Lord Mayor's chair—striking thus, as it were, the note of the meeting—it was loudly cheered. Cheers also were the note of the meeting. The Lord Mayor, when he appeared preceded by two flags, the Union Jack and the Royal Standard, was cheered; the Lord Mayor's speech was cheered; every allusion to Mr. Chamberlain was cheered; the resolutions were so much cheered that it was with great difficulty that they were put to the meeting. But when at last the Lord Mayor called for "all in favour" to hold up their hands, the response was quick and prompt. Some ten thousand top hats were hoisted on sticks or umbrellas, a roar of cheers quickly followed, and the meeting eventually wound up by the singing of "God Save the Queen"—all standing. Similar scenes and sounds of enthusiasm were evoked at the overflow meeting outside, which Alderman Treloar addressed through a convenient window in the Guildhall walls.

Sketches at the Church Congress

THE Church Congress has sat this year at a time when our attention has been riveted on South Africa, when we have scarcely had time to think of anything else but our relations with the Transvaal—even the contest for the "America" Cup has sunk far into the background. Nevertheless much that was deeply interesting was discussed at the Congress, and ought not to be passed by without notice. "The Church and the Evangelisation of the World" was one of the subjects of discussion. Bishop Barry described the remarkable extension of the Anglican Communion in the Colonies. Sir John Kennaway, M.P., struck a popular note in his paper when he said: "Take away the British Empire and not much of the world remains." Another subject that produced some good papers was "The Church and Modern Society." Mr. Johnston discussed the subject of commercial morality with special reference to companies and the responsibilities of directors. Archdeacon Diggle contributed a thoughtful paper on "Speculation and Gambling." He quoted Herbert Spencer to the effect that "gambling was first gain without merit, and secondly, gain through another's loss." The question of Sunday amusements was also handled. This produced an interesting paper by Mr. George Livesey. Mr. Stephen Bourne expressed his opinion that

"the three great curses which pervaded the country were intemperance, impurity, and impatience of lawful restrictions upon the employment of the Sabbath." A discussion that was looked forward to with keen interest was that on "The Church and her Services: the Principle of Ritual." The Dean of Hereford in the course of his paper on the subject, said "Don't let us allow our morals to be undermined by a bloated plutocracy." Principal Robertson in his paper thought that "a ritual that enthralled the senses was in danger of enthralling spirit to matter." Lord Halifax, who was received with great enthusiasm, said that the end and purpose of ritual was to give public and corporate expression to the faith and devotion of Christians. "It is not speaking too strongly," he said, "to characterise as heartless and cruel the spirit that would lead the rulers of the Church to treat the desire of Christians thus to express their faith and devotion in sacred rites as some gross or dangerous tendency which ought to be perpetually repressed, or at most barely tolerated." The Archdeacon of London, in speaking of the divisions in the Church, recommended an arrangement made by the maiden ladies who had agreed to live together, that if ever differences occurred between them there should never be made an explanation, but that one or other of them should ask the harmless question, "What's o'clock?"



The Queen's gift of 400*l.* was presented to Jean Baptiste Loth, the father of the young French fisherman who was accidentally killed off the English coast last August by a shot from Her Majesty's gunboat *Leda*, in the Town Hall of Etaples, near Boulogne. Mr. Farmer, the British Vice-Consul at Boulogne, handed over the gift to Loth. The poor fisherman, who cannot even sign his own name, was unable to make any speech in reply, but his eyes were wet with tears when he approached the Vice-Consul and uttered his simple "Merci, merci bien." The Mayor requested Mr. Farmer to thank the Queen for her gracious gift, and said that both this and her message of sympathy were fully appreciated by the inhabitants.

THE QUEEN AND THE "LEDA" INCIDENT: PRESENTATION TO THE VICTIM'S FATHER AT ETAPLES
FROM A SKETCH BY DUDLEY HARDY

Mrs. Kruger

THE wife of the Boer President is a homely old lady, stout and "motherly," as it is the habit of Boer wives to be. Mrs. Kruger is by no means a counterpart of the Tanti Sanna whose acquaintance most of us have made in "The Story of an African Farm." Tanti Sanna rebuked Em for making soap with soda instead of milk lathers; she thought marriage the finest thing in the world, and she had tried it three times; she thought the dear Lord would not have given oxen and horses legs if He had wished people to go about on steam waggons and fire carriages; and she had the common Boer habit of going to bed with her clothes on, for most readers remember how she rolled her ungainly person upon the bed, boots and all, and lay there snoring in the moon light. Possibly, at one time in her life, Mrs. Kruger may have been inclined to ask, like Tanti Sanna, "When do we hear of Moses or Noah riding in a railway?" but her husband has been educated to a perception of the value of steam horses, and we may be sure Mrs. Kruger has followed. And, of course, it would be absurd to treat Tanti Sanna as the only type of Boer ladyhood. The wives of the Boers have ever been their husbands' buttresses where patriotism was concerned. There have been times when they have had to load their husbands' rifles and even to shoot, when the laager was attacked by bloodthirsty savages, and such experiences are calculated to inspire moral as well as physical courage. But it is questionable whether Oom Paul has ever needed patriotic or political inspiration from his helpmeet. Mrs. Kruger is merely a quiet old lady, who all her life has been immersed in household cares and the upbringing of children, and who, like her husband, does not lay claim to culture, and has probably never felt the want of it. She is Mr. Kruger's second wife: his first lived but nine months after marriage. The present Mrs. Kruger is somewhat younger than her husband—who, by the way, attained his seventy-fourth birthday this month. She has borne him sixteen children, eleven of whom are living, including five daughters. There is now quite a large clan of President Kruger's descendants. In the small, unpretentious house used as the Presidency, standing in one of the streets of Pretoria, domestic habits are very simple. Mr. Kruger and his wife are still very early risers; it is said Oom Paul is never in bed after five o'clock. Before six Divine Service is held, the whole household being present, and the President conducting. Then the morning coffee is served, frequently on the stoep or verandah, for the morning sun at Pretoria is hotter than at home, and cloudy days are less common. If the Volksraad is in session the President is in his office by half-past seven, and has usually despatched considerable business before the Raad opens at nine o'clock. If the Raad is not sitting he breakfasts at home and then drives to his office by 8.30. He is home again about four or five in the afternoon, and goes on receiving visitors, or sits smoking in the bosom of his numerous family until about nine. Then he and his good *wrouw* and everybody else retire. It is unnecessary to say that Mrs. Kruger is a firm believer in her husband.

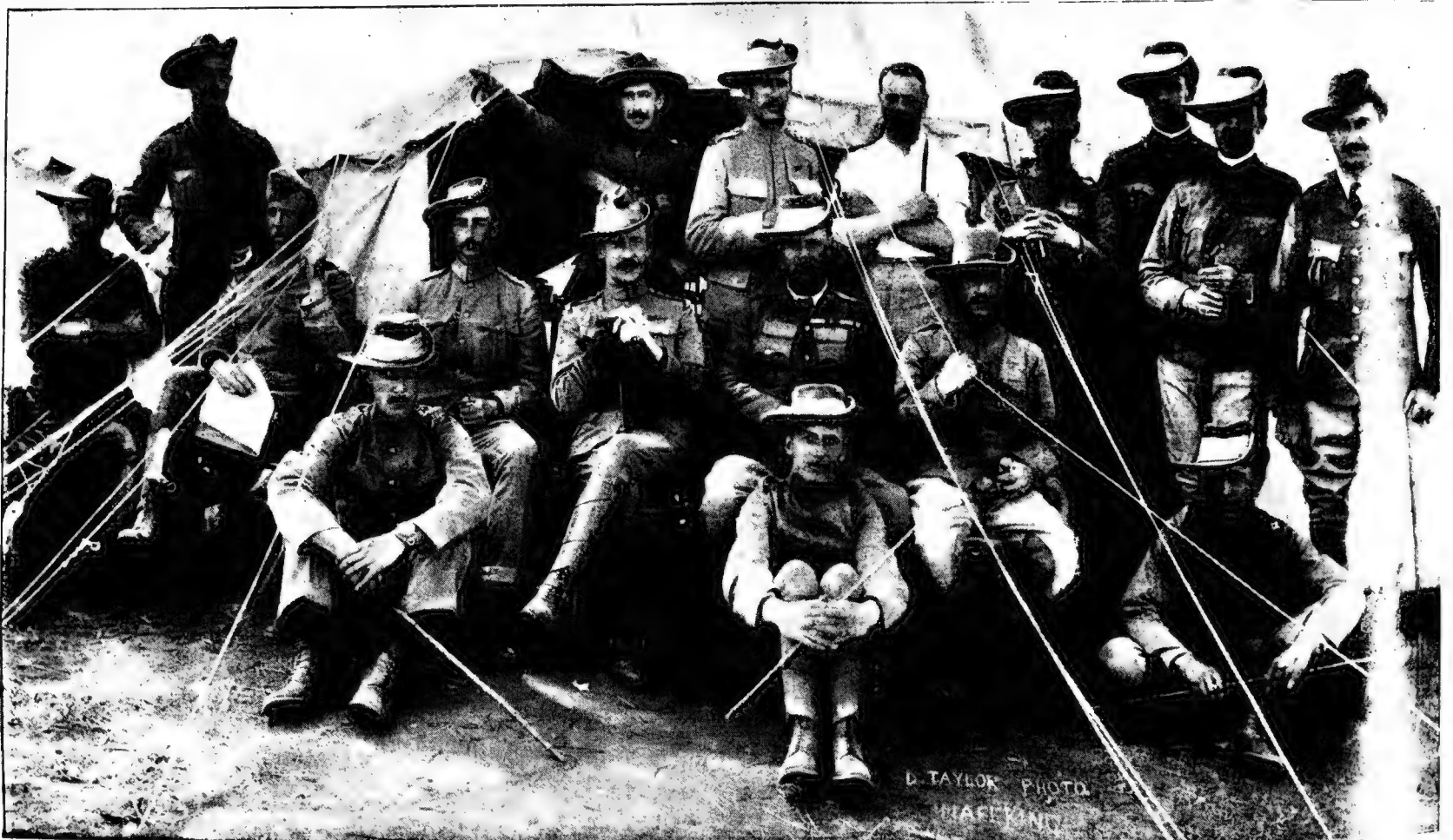


MRS. KRUGER
Wife of the President of the South African Republic

British Africa

AT once the latest and one of the most valuable aids to a proper study of the South African Problem is the volume, "British Africa," which forms the second in the British Empire Series, now being published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. It deals with British Africa generally, from the Cape to Cairo, but the larger, and certainly at this juncture most interesting portion, is that which deals with countries south of the Zambesi. It is, perhaps, a little invidious that one chapter should be headed "The Transvaal Old and New," as though the South African Republic were a component part of British Africa, but it would have been impossible in a work of this nature to omit mention of the plague spot. The book is divided into twenty odd chapters, each written by some well-known authority, and the result is an admirable

consensus of opinion on the various colonies, their past, their future, the effect of the British connection, the outlook for the natives, the outlook for commerce, with side lights on law, politics, and Government. The brief introduction is from the pen of Mr. Scott Keltie, who merely opens the field for writers to come, pointing out how the different nations stand as a result of the great scramble for Africa which began in 1883. So far as square mileage goes, France has farthest to go; her sphere covers nearly a third of the whole continent. If Egypt and the Soudan are excluded, except two millions of square miles, while Germany and Belgium claim about a million each. So much for mere quantity. In the matter of economical value, it may be questioned whether our share would not far outstrip the others. Sir David Tennant tells the story of the Cape of Good Hope; three writers contribute papers on the possibilities of Rhodesia; Sir John Lubbock deals with Bechuanaland and the magnificent work accomplished by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for whom he obviously has great admiration, and incidentally refers to the German efforts to cut off the British Colonies from northern development with a view to ultimately squeezing the British Government out of South Africa. Germany, continues the writer, "has long been resolved to absorb Holland, and thereby acquire the second richest Colonial Empire in the world," and South Africa seemed a tempting addition, but although the Colonial Office was supine at the time when the Germans annexed the south-west coast, Mr. Rhodes was not, and the result was a severe check to German ambitions. Mr. Campbell, in his chapter on "The Transvaal Old and New," pays an interesting tribute to President Kruger. He begins by disputing the statement that the Boers hate the English and love other civilised nations. They merely hate modern politics and whatever power happens to be paramount, and, he adds, "if we could induce Mr. Kruger to write a book, 'My Life and Games with Sixteen British Ministers,' we should all rise from the perusal with a contempt for our political methods, with a great admiration for Mr. Kruger, who, with so little real power other than bluff, has fooled so many ministers and Powers, and almost made himself for a short time an international Power. So far the grimly humorous side, but there is the pathetic and tragic side. Mr. Kruger's policy is wrong, cruelly so, for it finds five per cent. of the Boers enriched by it, and ninety-five per cent. of the Boers who follow Mr. Kruger blindly, because of the adroit way their primitive prejudices are worked on, much worse off morally and financially than they were before the entry of the 1888-95 Kruger regime. We have not space to refer now to Mr. Statham's chapter on Natal; Mr. Worsfold's paper on "The Gold Era;" Miss Kingsley's "Life in West Africa," or Mr. Nichol's admirable summary of "What England has Done for Egypt;" but let it be said at once that for up-to-date information about a continent which is the cynosure of the world just now no one could do better than turn to this book.



Lieut. Hallowell Capt. Wilson, A.D.C., Royal H. Guards Capt. Vernon, 60th Major Baillie Capt. Sandford, Lord C. Bentinck, Major Anderson, Lieut. Dunlop, A.D.C.
Lieut. Brady Lieut. Nesbitt Capt. Fitzclarence, 7th R.F. Col. Baden-Powell, Col. Hore Major Vyvyan, Buffs A.S.C. 9th Lancers R.A.M.C.
Major Godley, R.D.F. Adjutant 5th Dragoon Guards Lieut. Swinburne Lieut. Holden, Derbyshire Yeomanry

THE WAR: COLONEL R. S. BADEN-POWELL AND SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHO ARE DEFENDING MAFeking

From a Photograph by D. Taylor



But it must be added that, although she was subjected to humiliations and to discomforts, there were compensations. She was quick-witted and perceptive enough to see that an opportunity was given her of making her future. Nor was she so unfeminine as not to feel a relish in being measured, fitted, and brought up to the fashionable pitch. Nor again so inhuman as not to derive pleasure from being complimented by Mr. Wardroper, the value of whose flatteries she was too inexperienced to estimate. As Winefred sat thus, her mind a prey to many thoughts and her heart to conflicting emotions, she noticed a man sauntering along the side of the square, by the rail, which he tapped with his umbrella handle and rattled as he came along.

Something in his manner attracted her attention, and diverted it from her own affairs. Owing to the intervention of the rails she could not see his face distinctly till he came near, and then only when having inadvertently missed striking one bar, he stepped back to tap it.

At once she leaped to her feet—she had recognised her father—and she ran to the gate, opened it, and awaited him. Mrs. Tomkin-Jones had studied the *Bath Gazette*, but had not found in it among the fashionable arrivals that of the Governor of Terra-del-Fuego, and she had thought that Winefred must have been mistaken when she caught a passing glimpse of a gentleman and took him to be her father.

Now there could be no doubt as to the identity.

The same indecision was in the man in the square as had been in him on the beach; but he looked feebler.

His action in tapping the bars was like that of a child. She observed that his lips moved, he was counting them, without purpose, as a child. His going back to strike a bar that had been omitted was the action of a child.

He was by no means an uncomely man. On the contrary, his features were finely cut, and had the lower jaw been firmer, and the chin less retreating, he would have been pronounced a handsome man. His brow was high and white, his eyebrows well arched, and the eyes fine, soft, and full.

Winefred's heart beat fast in uncertainty whether he would recognise her or not.

He came slowly on, with his eyes looking dreamily before him, and his lips moving as he counted, till he was close upon her. She blocked the way to his advance. Then he drew back, raised his hat, and said politely, "A thousand pardons—sixty-eight, sixty-nine—I did not observe you."

He looked at Winefred. A trouble came into his eyes. He was not sure. Did he know the young lady? The face was familiar, yet—

"I must apologise," said he, hesitatingly, "if I—if I—"

"If you do not recollect your own child," said Winefred, "it is not her fault. You are, indeed, my father who met me on the shore, and there is the watch you then gave me. I am Winefred Holwood."

He recoiled, and groped in his pocket for his latchkey, but being unable to find it, put the handle of his umbrella to his lips and blew upon that, then stood, undecided, looking at her with the umbrella held up between them, and the handle at his mouth.

"Father," said Winefred, "will you come through the gate into the garden? I should like to have some talk with you."

"Oh, yes! indeed, indeed this is surprising. I trust no one overheard you. Unexpected felicity, astounding encounter."

"I saw you some days ago, as I was driving down Pulteney Street."

"You were driving! How came you here? No, do not answer till I see that we are not overheard. Is there anyone else in the garden? Were you in company? I should not like—I mean I should prefer—"

Winefred drew him within and shut the gate.

"I do not see why, father, you should be surprised to see me. It was your wish that I should be brought up as a lady, and if you did not choose Mrs. Tomkin-Jones's house for me—"

"I—I do not understand."

"You provided the money; otherwise, of course, my darling mother could not have afforded this."

"I—I provided the money! Oh, yes, certainly, certainly, and with the utmost regularity, and I shall continue to do so. But I did not anticipate—"

"It was all arranged by dear Mrs. Jose."

"Mrs. Jose! Oh, indeed."

"She knew some people here of distinction, and they agreed to receive me and polish me, so as to make a lady of me; you understand, deal with me as Mr. Thomas Gassett does with the pebbles, rub and smooth and bring to a surface. It was your own desire."

"I—well. Oh, certainly. Nothing could be better; but do they know?—excuse me, is it a matter of knowledge?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

She fixed her eye on him.

"I mean—I hardly can find words to adequately express my meaning. I would say—What name do you carry here?"

"I have told you, father. Winefred Holwood. Holwood is your name."

"To be sure. Exactly. I wish I had my key, but they have deprived me of it. Yes, of course, inevitable. And your—I mean your—"

"Mother?"

"Precisely. Is she also here?"

"No."

He breathed freer.

"And do they know?"

"By they, I suppose you mean Mrs. Tomkin-Jones and her daughters?"

"It is with them you are staying?"

"Yes—and they know nothing."

"She—did she—I mean your mother—did she bring you to Bath?"

"No. Mrs. Jose did that."

"Mrs. Jose, certainly. Charming. But who is Mrs. Jose?"

"She is the farmer's wife at Bindon."

"Bindon! Oh! I am again at fault. Bindon, very nice; but where is Bindon?"

"Bindon is near where mother and I lived. Mrs. Jose has been very kind to us, that is to mother and me, when all the folk in Sention and Axmouth turned against us. She alone held to us and believed in mother. And mother said that it was your intention that I was to be brought up as a lady, and she and Mrs. Jose put their heads together, and I have been sent here to Mrs. Tomkin-Jones."

"Mrs. Tomkin-Jones! Delicious! Who is this lady?"

"I believe her husband was the Maker of Bath. A most eminent physician. There is a story about him and a pill, but I do not know it."

"I never heard of him or of her or of the pill."

"But Mrs. Tomkin-Jones knows about you."

"Merciful powers! Know *what*!" The man quaked.

"That you are a relative of Lord Finnborough."

"Finnborough! Finnborough has never done anything for me, although I believe there is some sort of a connection."

"Then that, at least, is true. Here I do not know what is lies and what is truth. Will you sit down on this bench, sir? Mrs. Tomkin-Jones lives in the corner house yonder, with an eye looking this way and another that."

"Do you think that her eye is on us now?"

"No; the sun shines in at it, so the blind is down."

"How long do you remain with her?" Mr. Holwood's chin was too retreating for him to be able to lodge it on the handle of his umbrella, but he attempted to do it repeatedly, and as often failed.

"Till the rubbing and polishing are done. That will be long. I am harder than a chalcodony."

"This is a dreadful shock to me."

"A shock to meet your child?"

"I mean, I mean a surprise. I am taking the waters. Strong emotions I have been instructed to avoid. I am not well. A dreadful menace hangs over me, a sword of Damocles. I have been ordered here by my medical attendant. I feel unhinged at the news."

Then changing his tone, and disengaging his hand from the umbrella, he took Winefred's fingers in his nerveless grasp, and said, "My child—yes, my child—it is soothing to the feelings—to the heart of a desolate, a sick, maybe a death-stricken man, to know that he has a child."

"And a wife."

He winced and let go her hand.

"There are sundry considerations that have interfered," said he, with a faltering voice, and a veil let down over his eyes. "You cannot understand. In the higher circles, you know; but she is your mother, and I would rather say no more."

"Father," said Winefred, "I will tell you right out how matters stand here—here, not at Axmouth, only here in Bath. Here I am your child, but my mother is thought to be dead."

"Dead!" His cheek flushed.

"Only in Bath. She is in Axmouth, and alive there."

"I do not understand."

"Mrs. Jose has given out that she was my nurse—my nurse only, not my mother. She did this because my dear mother insisted on it."

"Oh! true. I am glad."

"I do not like it. I am unhappy. It is a lie. I hate lies. But I cannot help myself. Here, in Bath, she is known as my nurse."

"Quite so, your nurse."

"Yes, in Bath. Elsewhere she is my mother."

"Ah, your mother. You have her force—her vehemence."

"And she is your wife."

"I am—ah! so agitated. I will see you again. I must go and have some of the waters. I will call on Mrs.——"

"Tomkin-Jones. And on me, your child?"

"Yes—I shall see you again—my child."

He stood hesitating before her. Then he stooped, looked about him timidly, and, seeing no one, kissed her brow.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISCHIEF-MAKING

A RAP at the front door, followed by a ring, and then a card was brought up by the servant and presented to Mrs. Tomkin-Jones on a blistered Japan tray.

"Oh, certainly—charmed," said the lady. Then to Winefred, "My dear—your father."

Next moment Mr. Holwood was ushered into the drawing-room, in which, happily, a fire was burning, but the covers had not been removed from the furniture.

He was well dressed, in a plum-coloured coat with high rolling collar, brass buttons, a tall cravat, and two waistcoats, one of which was of figured silk. His trousers were tight-fitting and buttoned at the ankles. At first glance Mrs. Jones saw that he was a gentleman and a gentleman of style.

He bowed to each lady as he entered and advanced, and his gold-framed eyeglass dangled and swung as a pendulum under these evolutions. As he approached the lady of the house he offered profuse apologies for his intrusion, and then turned and touched Winefred's cheek with his lips.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Holwood," said Mrs. Jones. "It is a real honour to Bath to receive a visit from you."

"I have come," said the gentleman, "positively to throw myself at your feet, madam, in the attitude of a suppliant. I am so much alone in Bath—"

"Yes, the Finnboroughs have left."

"The—oh! yes."

"How is your sister, the Viscountess?"

"My sister! Oh! you mean my cousin, Lady Finnborough. 'Pon my word of honour, I don't know. It is Finnborough himself who is dyspeptic. She is all right I believe. I never heard anything to the contrary; but, 'pon my soul, I know little of them, and they less of me."

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones sighed.

"It has occurred to me," said Mr. Holwood, "that my daughter, coming from the country, might like to walk and look at the shops—and possibly—some trifle in the windows—and so far as my limited means reach—ahem! So I came, with all due deference, to ask if she might be spared from the studies and all that kind of thing to come a light stroll with me."

"She is entirely at your service," said the lady. "I only regret that her new set of gowns and her hats are not come home from mantua-maker and milliner—in which she would be more suitably dressed, and do you more justice."

"I thank you—she will pass."

"By the way, sir," said the widow, "have you any objection to Winefred attending the next ball at the Assembly?"

"Not in the least—only—but—"

"There is some difficulty about a chaperon. Since my bereavement I cannot go—by the merest accident I know no one of title at the present moment in Bath who could introduce her. There is Lady Wardroper, but she is in constant attendance on her husband."

"Wardroper!" said Mr. Holwood. "Not Sir Barnaby?"

"The same."

"I have met him at my office."

"The son is very intimate here. He takes a lively interest in what relates to dress."

"Sir Barnaby was a bit of a buck."

"Alas! he is now a cripple from rheumatism."

"I was unaware that he was here. I would have seen him certainly. I have not been in Bath many days."

"You are not surely going?" said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, as her visitor rose. "Run, Winefred, and get on your things. You desire her to be with you now, I take it."

"If you please."

When Winefred had left the room, the doctor's widow said:—

"You will excuse the liberty I take, but the interest I feel in your engaging daughter, and the responsibility laid upon me, induce me to speak with a plainness from which I should otherwise shrink. I think, Mr. Holwood, that you have made a mistake. Gentlemen, widowers especially, are liable to fall into erroneous judgment that produce results that are deplorable. You have, upon the remark and my freedom in making it—you have committed a serious error in allowing your daughter to grow up under the influence of that woman."

"That woman!" repeated Mr. Holwood timidly, and not having a latch key to trifle with, put the brim of his hat to his lips.

"The nurse, I mean, whose name is Mrs. Jose. It must be confessed that she is a vulgar woman."

"You know her?" His hand shook. He set down his hat and took up his gold-edged glasses.

"Not at all. I judge by results. The girl has fallen so completely under her thralldom that she has come to regard her almost in the light of a mother. It speaks well for her heart, but ill for your judgment. I can quite understand the power over her gained by a woman who attended her in her childish ailments, who dressed her dolls, and put her hair in curlpapers. But although we must admire the quality of Winefred's heart in clinging to this individual, one can do no other than lament that the attachment has been so close between persons so different in rank. Contact, and that so intimate, with one of an inferior quality has had a deteriorating effect. It has imparted a rustic flavour to the speech, mind and manner of your child. Young characters are given shape and bias at an early age, and from their associates. Pardon my asking such a question, but have you married again?"

"No."

Mr. Holwood put his eyeglass to his lips, breathed on it, then produced a silk kerchief and wiped it.

He did not notice, in his nervous distress, how steadily and searchingly the eye of Sylvania was fixed upon him.

"I can give you an illustration of the manner in which that female has gained power over the girl. Winefred will not allow the most trifling remark to be made in disparagement of her. She has even taken me to task, and has threatened to leave should I let slip a word to her disadvantage."

"Ah! yes."

"When she refers to that individual, she has spoken of her on more than one occasion as her mother. This is reprehensible, and a practice that must be abandoned."

"Oh! yes—yes!"

"This, doubtless, commends itself to you in the same light as to me."

"Oh! certainly."

Drops stood on his brow and lip. He employed the kerchief to wipe his face.

Then, with a quiver in his voice, "Perhaps you would not mind speaking to her on the matter."

"I have spoken; it is, excuse my plain speech, your duty to back me up. I see clearly that if she be allowed to fall under the influence of this female, it will undo all the advantage she has derived from a residence in my house. If you will pardon the liberty I take, I would advise you to dismiss this personage, to send her to her friends—with a pension perhaps."

"She has a liberal allowance."

"Quite so, but let her live on this allowance at a distance, and on the understanding that it will be withdrawn should she attempt to renew her relations with Winefred."

"I think—I am sure, I cannot do this."

"Then suffer me to take the negotiation out of your hands; it will doubtless come better from me. Empower me to write and place the matter before her in a clear light, inform her that she must never see Winefred again. It will be solely by associating your child from vulgar persons that the little peculiarity in her dialect and the provincial mannerism, I note, can be eradicated. You agree with me?"

"I—I—"

"You see the necessity."

"Yes, oh, assuredly!"

"Hist! Here she comes. I accept the responsibility. Not a word before her."

When Mr. Holwood was gone with his daughter, Sylvania fixed her pebbly eyes on her mother, and said, "There is something wrong about that woman."

"About what woman?"

"The Marley."

"My dear, I know there is; she is vulgar."

"I do not mean that. There is a mystery attached to her. Have you not observed how uneasy Winefred becomes when you speak of her?"

"She will not suffer me to speak of her at all."

"And with Mr. Holwood it is the more conspicuous. When you were making inquiries about her, or passing remarks upon her, he turned hot and cold, and his lips and brow would quiver. I am really thrown into a condition of abject embarrassment. I am really surprised, mother, that you did not see it. Then you see nothing which is not to your advantage, or to the glory of the Tomkin-Jones's. I saw through the man at once. He is the perfect gentleman. Naturally he was distressed. I should like to see my daughter and never raise my head again if I knew that she was to be associated with her."

"It was not that that troubled and alarmed him."

"What else can you mean?"

"There is some mystery concerning his relation with the Marleys."

"Sylvana, I will not listen to a word that savours of impropriety. Besides, I received five guineas a week for Winefred."

"Quite so, and for the sake of five guineas you shut your eyes."

"Sylvana—forget the respect due to me."

"You forget the respect due to yourself and to us, and to the name of Tomkins Jones, of which you think more than you do of Jesse and me. I say you forget that when you harbour in your house a person whose precedents are equivocal."

"I equivocal! Goodness preserve me! I am known in Bath to be the very thing of Propriety."

"You run the chance of becoming only the thing of Propriety—that I take to be a dappled pink—if you take under your patronage a girl of whom you know nothing, and who may turn out to be—"

"My dear, say a word. All will be right if I can cut off this woman. I do not allow what you suspect; but I am quite sure that there is mischief in that woman, and that we must draw a line between her and Winefred that shall absolutely sever them for ever, in the interests of Morality."

(To be continued)

The Black Factor in the South African War

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

No person who has ridden through Basutoland, or the Transkei, or Khama's capital, or Pondoland—or, indeed, any quarter of South Africa—who recalls the stirring events of the Zulu War, or even the recent Matabele War, requires to be told that a very grave factor in the South African complications of the moment is the attitude of the native population. In South Africa the conditions in this regard are entirely different from the conditions in Australia with the aborigines, or in North America with the Red Indians. In those instances, if one ever thought of the natives as an element of danger at all, one would think of them as a black or red danger-spot in a continent of whites. In South Africa one must think of the whites as surrounded by a continent of natives.

Natal has been described by a Cape politician as a "forwarding agency in a native reserve." But there are parts of South Africa where the natives are thicker on the ground than in Natal. The whole country, in fact, swarms with them, from the Zambesi to Cape Agulhas, from Beira to Wal-fish Bay. They are of all colours, from black through chocolate and brown to almost white; of all statures, from three feet to six; and of all characters, from the ape-like savagery of the wandering, root-eating Bushmen to the aristocratic and intellectual Kaffir of the highest type. The latest census even of the Cape was 1891, so that the figures are impossible, but the following may be of interest:—

	Whites.	Coloured.
Cape Colony	376,987	1,150,237
Natal	42,759	512,817
Pondoland (now Cape)	100	200,000
Zululand (now Natal)	548	145,336
Amatongaland	—	80,000
Basutoland	578	218,324
British Bechuanaland (now Cape)	5,284	55,122
Khama's Country	500	110,000
Swaziland (now Transvaal)	500	63,000
Orange Free State	77,716	129,787
Transvaal	160,000	649,560

Obviously, these figures require, in some instances, much alteration to bring them up to date; they are merely quoted to give an idea of the immense disproportion of the native population to the whites. For the whole of South Africa the figures are: whites, 668,000; coloured, 3,582,000.

Over the whole of the native peoples above enumerated, as well as over the Matabele and Mashonas further north, the Pax Britannica may now be said to prevail, for not only are the natives now peaceable in our own Colonies, but if they are so in the countries

The massacre of Piet Relief and six hundred others by the Zulus, with the slaughter of the tribe in revenge on "Dingaan's Day," are two of the great events in Boer tradition, and from that day to this they have been fighting the tribes in some quarter or other. One of President Kruger's experiences was sufficient to leave an indelible mark on any man's memory. In 1856 the Mapele and Makapans invited a farmer named Hendrik Potgieter to an elephant hunt. According to Mr. Kruger they flayed their visitor alive, and it was not until they were disembowelling him that he died.

Kruger accompanied Potgieter's brother with others to punish the perpetrators of this horrible deed. They shot Potgieter, and it was only by an act of heroism and a most marvellous escape that Kruger recovered his friend's corpse. The Boers subsequently exacted a terrible revenge. Their cruelty to the natives is notorious, yet not altogether inexplicable if one has heard of the atrocities committed by the barbarians upon the whites. In the eastern province of Cape Colony stands a distorted tree trunk which marks the spot where two British soldiers were flayed alive and slowly roasted!

Surrounded by such hordes of barbarians and semi-barbarians, most of whom are not half tamed, it is natural that the whites in South Africa should view with dread the possibility of again arousing native bloodthirstiness. The prospect is most uncertain, but, on the whole, far more favourable to us than to the Boers. Thanks to the humane policy we have always adopted towards them whenever they would allow us, the native tribes throughout South Africa are now fairly well—in most cases very well—disposed towards us. In the Cape Colony the Transkeian territories swarm with natives, but they would fight for us at any moment if we would permit them to do so. Similarly with the Basutos, 20,000 of whom, fully armed, would be at the throats of the Free State Boers to-morrow if we did not keep them in the leash. The Boers, to their misfortune, have ever treated the natives harshly. They rule by the rifle and the sjambok—the whip of rhinoceros hide which cuts like a knife at every stroke. In almost every quarter, therefore, the Boers have to dread the natives. In Bechuanaland the Chief Khama has no dread of them—he has held his own against them as against the Matabele. On the opposite border of the Transvaal, again, are the Swazis, only too anxious to drive out those who they think have robbed them. In the northern districts of the Transvaal again are tribes with which the Boers have been but lately in active warfare. Lastly, there are the Zulus, who although formerly our enemies, would probably fight bitterly against the Boers if permitted to do so, should the latter cross the border into their territory.

For ourselves, the only danger would probably be with the Matabele, and even with them it is very doubtful if discretion would not prove the better part of valour, although conceivably the desire for revenge might prompt some of them to take advantage of an opportunity should Rhodesia be too much denuded of defenders.

There are also the Pondos, a truculent tribe, whose country was not long ago annexed to the Cape; but, on the whole, a Pondo rising is unlikely. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the South African native is easily deluded as well as easily tempted, and it is well known that the Boers have for some time past been doing their best to incite their native neighbours against us by appeals to their credulity, their cupidity, and their lusts. A dark sky, indeed, is that which lowers over South Africa just now. If the storm breaks, we may console ourselves with the thought that our humane treatment of the natives in the past contrasts favourably with the admitted callousness shown towards them by the Boers, and may, therefore, be rewarded in the day of trouble. But certainly both sides will do their best to prevent the natives from taking any part whatever in the struggle.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR: A SKETCH OUTSIDE A SHOP AT ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

ruled by the Boers it is due largely to our direct or indirect influence. And at what a cost that influence has been purchased! In 1811-12 we had the first Kaffir War since we acquired the country; the Kaffirs were driven back to the Fish River. In 1817-19 was the second Kaffir War; the natives were forced back to the Keiskamma. In 1834-5 the Kaffirs invaded the Cape Colony. In 1846-8 was the fourth Kaffir War, the "War of the Axe." In 1851-3 the fifth Kaffir War, and the submission of the Basutos under Moshesh. In 1877-8 we had to subjugate Krela and Sandilli. Next year came the Zulu War, with Isandhlwana, Rorke's Drift and Ulundi; and in 1893 was the war between Mr. Rhodes's troops and the Matabele. The Boers have been fighting the natives throughout their history.



COLONEL C. W. H. DOUGLAS
A.A.G. on Staff 1st Army Corps



COLONEL A. S. WYNNE, C.B.
D.A.G. on the Staff 1st Army Corps



MAJ.-GENERAL A. G. WAUCHOPE, C.B.
Commanding 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division 1st Army Corps



LIEUT.-COL. CONLEY
Commanding Brigade Div's 1st Army Corps Artillery



LIEUT.-COL. R. H. GUNNING
Commanding 1st King's Royal Rifles



LIEUT.-COL. F. R. C. CARLETON
Commanding 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers



LIEUT.-COL. W. H. DICK-CUNYNHAM, V.C.
Commanding 2nd Gordon Highlanders



LIEUT.-COL. HASTINGS HICKS
Commanding 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers



LIEUT.-COLONEL E. A. H. ALDERSON
Commanding Mounted Infantry, 1st Brigade
Cavalry Division 1st Army Corps



COLONEL J. F. BRABAZON, C.B.
Commanding 2nd Brigade Cavalry Division 1st
Army Corps



MAJOR DOUGLAS HAIG
A.A.G. Cavalry Division 1st Army Corps



LIEUT.-COL. F. W. R. LANDON
D.A.A.G. on the Staff 1st Army Corps



MAJ.-GEN. SIR C. HOLLED SMITH, K.C.M.G.
Commanding Australian Forces



MAJOR THE HON. J. H. G. BYNG, C.B.
Provost Marshal on the Staff 1st Army Corps



LIEUTENANT A. R. TROTTER
A.D.C. to Sir R. H. Buller



MAJOR E. A. ST. A. ST. A.
Acting Commandant, Mounted Division
British South Africa Force

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE next great display of international interest and collaboration will be the Exhibition to be held in Glasgow in the spring, summer, and autumn of 1901. The preliminary prospectus, which is just out, conveys the impression that the undertaking will be on a great scale, and of such a character that the whole kingdom will be drawn to Glasgow while it lasts. The section of Fine Art, Scottish History, and Archaeology, very completely and elaborately planned, is to occupy the New Art Gallery and Museum Building in Kelvingrove Park, and is to illustrate not only the history of Scotland, but more particularly the development of art during the nineteenth century. The Queen and the Prince of Wales, respectively the

is not usually made, however, and owners are apt to consider themselves aggrieved if their cherished loans are retained beyond the time for which they were originally borrowed. The Vandyck Exhibition at Antwerp has been so highly appreciated that the authorities decided to postpone the closing of it for a week. This is very satisfactory, but the change of dates, without consultation with the owners, is likely to prove annoying to those who have already made their arrangements.

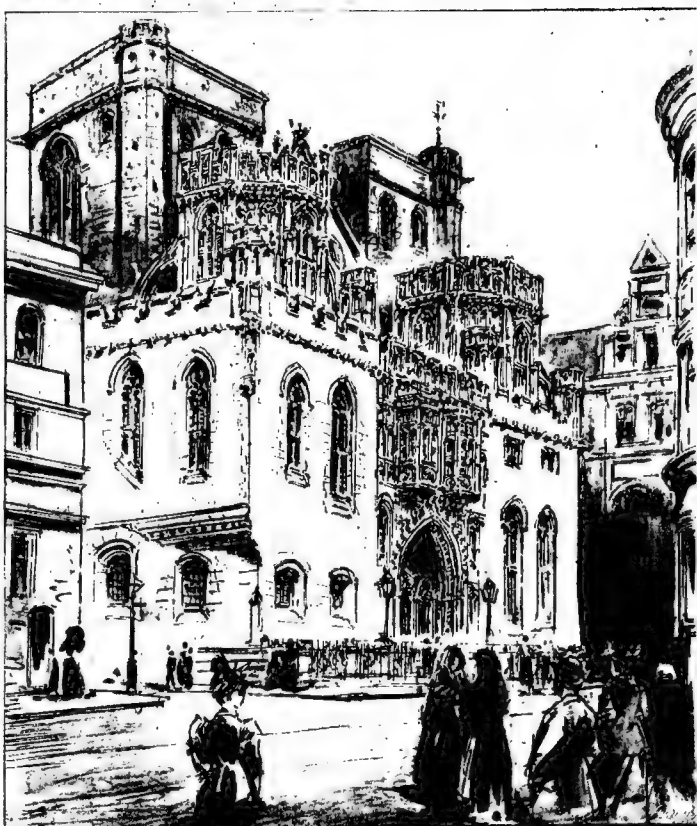
Speaking of Vandyck, I may state that Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, is about to write an important monograph upon the master, with the endeavour to make the book the most complete in respect alike of record, lists, and illustrations, of any that has yet appeared. Such a book is greatly wanted, and whether or not Mr. Ernest Law carries into effect the hope expressed a week or two ago, it is certain to be well

For some while past the zeal and disinterestedness of some of our chief art-educationalists have provided the children of our Board Schools and similar institutions with suggestive pictures to hang upon the walls of the schoolrooms. The Art for Schools Association has done a great deal in this direction, and done it well. But the pictures have been somewhat limited in style and subject—history, Bible history, agricultural operations, and so on. The action of the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts in France has set an example of developing these efforts which might be well followed here. He has given orders to distribute among the elementary schools coloured pictures representing many of the most beautiful landscapes of France (reproduced, presumably, from good paintings), as well as of the leading public monuments and buildings of the country, which recommend themselves by their beauty and artistic interest. This is the true way of attracting the attention of the young and opening their minds. It can hardly be doubted that such pictures, naturalistically drawn (without the

THE UPPER BOOK GALLERIES AN ALCOVE ON THE GROUND FLOOR



THE CENTRAL HALL



THE BUILDING FROM DEANSGATE

FROM SKETCHES BY A. COX

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

Building of the London Law Courts, no such important Gothic structure as the new Rylands Library in Manchester, has arisen in England. The building, erected by Mr. Basil Champneys, the architect, for the purpose of the Rylands Library, consists mainly of a noble hall 148 ft. in length, 20 ft. in width, and 44 ft. in height to the top of the vaulted roof. The style of the building is that of the late fourteenth century. The

library contains 80,000 volumes, including the Althorpe collection for which Mr. John Rylands gave 250,000*l.*, and the cost of the building in which it is housed was also 250,000*l.* The whole has been made a free gift to Manchester by Mrs. John Rylands as a memorial of her late husband. The building was opened last week by Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT TO MANCHESTER: THE RYLANDS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Patron and the Association of the Exhibition, head the list of those who have proposed to make appropriate loans, and a powerful committee has been appointed. Scotland has a way of succeeding vastly in these undertakings; the splendid buildings in Kelvingrove Park owe their existence to the previous Exhibition of 1888; so that it may well be deduced that a surplus will similarly remain at the end of 1901 to be applied for the promotion of Art and Science by the Corporation.

received. There are few painters who can "carry" so many books in this country as Vandyck, for other reasons than those of art.

Those who take a vivid interest in the Tate Gallery, and watch the slow development of the collection, must feel some mortification at the relatively greater energy, generosity, and good taste displayed by several of the great Art Galleries of the provinces. Owing to that fatal zeal—fatal, that is to say, for Londoners—no adequate representation of the Pre-Raphaelite movement can ever be hoped for in the Metropolis; and it has become necessary to those who would study the works produced within those five or six memorable years to journey to Oxford, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool. The latter city seems to be especially vigilant, and has once more proved its judgment by acquiring from this year's exhibition Mr. North's "Morning Moon," and Mr. Abbey's "O, mistress mine, whither are you roaming?"—which is technically one of the artist's very finest works.

over-accentuated outlines which mar the effect of some of our own school pictures), would be a constant delight to the children and an education as well.

A few years ago a University man established himself in Bond Street as a seller of artistic objects, more particularly of admirable reproductions of some of the chief figures by our leading sculptors, and he became as well a designer and a furnisher, and beautified with his refined taste some of the most severely charming homes in England and the Colonies. To what degree he ultimately succeeded I am not aware; but another has now arisen to walk in the path pointed out by William Morris, Mr. Collier, and one or two more who have not succeeded so well. This is Mr. Fordham, a graduate of Cambridge, who has obtained the services of the leading art-craftsmen of the day in most sections of the decorative arts, and who hopes, apparently, to carry the Arts and Crafts Society, as it were, into every home. This taste—corrected, modified, and filtered, no doubt—may do much to overthrow the convention which is at the root of the mischief in these days of "art colours" and "art candles."

There is a point about these exhibitions which, in the interest of owners, should not be overlooked. In the present instance, the prospectus fairly explains that the show will remain open "for about six months." The managers thus reserve to themselves the right of keeping the Exhibition open for a reasonable period beyond the limit of six months if great popularity or other special inducements renders such a course desirable. This precautionary statement

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—XII.

COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF

By CHARLES LOWE

THE dawn of the nineteenth century found the British army, for the third time only since its birth in 1660, under the chief command of a Royal Prince. This was Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III. Of his fifteen predecessors—who had been variously titled Captain-General, Generalissimo, or Commander-in-Chief—only two had been members of the Royal family, and neither of them had been a success. One of them, indeed, Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, proved to be a perfect fool. "Little," writes Lord Stanhope, was "expected of Prince George by any portion of the public, and even that little was more than he performed." The next Royal Generalissimo was the son of George II., the red-faced, goggle-eyed Duke of Cumberland, known to the wits of his time as the "Martial Boy," who made an utter ass of himself in the German wars, and only retrieved his disastrous defeat at the hands of the highly disciplined French troops of Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy by his "Butcher's" victory over the badly disciplined heroes of Prince Charlie at Culloden.

In many respects there was a strong resemblance between the Continental campaigning of the Duke of Cumberland and of his nephew, the Duke of York, who became Captain-General in 1798, and held the post, with an interval of two years, till his death in 1827. The Duke's warring in the Low Countries against the French forms one of the darkest passages in our military records. As a soldier he had his merits, but they were more those of the tactical student than of the resourceful winner of a stricken field, and it is certain that the height of his sky-aspiring monument overlooking the Mall is out of all proportion to the value of the military services which he rendered his country. He was accused of having traded in commissions as shamefully as Teitel had once trafficked in Papal indulgences, in order to satisfy the expensive tastes of his mistress, "an elegant lady of the name of Clarke." These charges formed the subject of a long and exhaustive Parliamentary inquiry which resulted in the acquittal of the Duke by a House of Commons which was said to be a very venal one, but public opinion could only be satisfied with his resignation, and he remained out of office for two years (1809-11), pending the blowing over of the cloud which had overshadowed his name.

During this interval his place was taken by Sir David Dundas, a tall, spare Scotchman, "crabbed and austere in his looks and demeanour," the son of comparatively humble parents in Edinburgh, who had walked all the way to London to enter himself "lieutenant fire-worker" in the Royal Artillery, and elbowed his way up through the Seven Years' War and the Peninsular War to the highest honour and account. A regular attendant at the autumn manoeuvres on the Continent, especially those of Prussia, Dundas gave all his genius to the study of tactics, on which he published several treatises; and his were the "Rules and Regulations" according to which were drilled the armies of Abercromby, Moore, and Wellington. He was the "Old Dessauer," or drill-sergeant, of the new British Army, which had heretofore been unable to present the elementary spectacle of "two regiments

coincided with the period of Talavera, Busaco, and Torres Vedras; while in 1811 "the brave old Duke of York" returned to the Horse Guards to have the cloud of suspicion which had gathered round his head replaced by the vicarious halo of British victories that culminated at Waterloo.



FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK



SIR DAVID DUNDAS
From the Portrait by William Owen, R.A.



VISCOUNT HILL
From the Portrait by G. Richmond, R.A.
Photographed by Walker and Boutall

On the Duke's death in 1827 he was, of course, succeeded by the victor of Waterloo, though the Iron Duke resigned his office the following year on accepting the Premiership; and it was only in 1842, after finding no further charm in the perils of statesmanship, that he returned to the Horse Guards, there to remain till his death in 1852. From 1828 to 1842, therefore, the Commander-in-Chief was vested in Viscount Hill, "Father Hill" as his fond soldiers used to call him, the scion of an old Shropshire stock who had begun his soldiering with the "Perthshire Greybreeks" of Sir Thomas Graham, a regiment (the 90th) which was later on to have the unique honour of producing still another Commander-in-Chief in the person of Lord Wolseley. Hill had fought with splendid distinction in one command or another throughout the Peninsular War, and was one of the Iron Duke's most trusted lieutenants. "The great foundation of his popularity," wrote an intimate friend, "was his sterling personal worth and heroic spirit; but his popularity was increased and strengthened as soon as he was seen. He was the very picture of an English country gentleman. To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of England he represented home. His fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, and the total absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them." In fact he was the idol of his soldiers; but subsequently he ran considerable risk of incurring the obloquy of some of his civilian countrymen. For his tenure of office as Commander-in-Chief fell on piping times of peace, which involved no greater strain on the military resources of the nation than occasional assistance to the civil power in the repression of Chartist and other political riots; while the growing tendency of the Commons to meddle with military matters proved a frequent source of vexation to old "Father Hill," whom failing health at last (in 1842) compelled to resign in favour of his great Chief, whose record as a statesman had been far less brilliant than his career as a soldier.

But the Iron Duke was too conservative a statesman to be progressive as a soldier. An army of the kind which he had led

peace. In order, therefore, to save the Army from these infatuated economists, the Duke's policy was to hide it out of sight in the colonies or scatter it in minor detachments at home. "He treated the Army as a machine," wrote Hamley, "to be broken to pieces and packed away in small pieces till it should be needed." Hence it

followed that higher tactical instruction was entirely neglected. There was no opportunity for handling the three arms in conjunction, and anything but mere tactical manoeuvres was impossible. In fact, as Kinglake wrote, "not so much as the framework of his land transport system was left to show how in future our armies might be moved and supplied," when the Crimean War broke out in 1854.

For the disasters of this war the Duke of Wellington—who died two years before its outbreak—was held responsible by many; but it would have been just to saddle with the responsibility for those disasters the pernicious policy of the short-sighted apostles of peace, who had dismantled the military machine of Wellington's own creat-

ing. In any case blame was freely bestowed on the Duke's successor at the Horse Guards (1852-56)—Lord Hardinge, who had fought his way with distinction through the Peninsular War; who, as an attaché to Blücher, had lost his left hand at Ligny (so that he was once referred to by that villainously foul-mouthed man, Daniel O'Connell, as "a one-handed miscreant"); who had replaced his brother-in-law, Lord Ellenborough, as Viceroy of India; who had been made Viscount Hardinge of Lahore for his brilliant victories over the Sikhs at Ferozshah and Sohraon; and who crowned all this career with four years' service at the Horse Guards, which were the most unfortunate and unsatisfactory of his whole life. Age had already begun to tell on him, and he could not find it in his heart to disturb routine arrangements which had been sanctioned by his great departed Chief. The consequence was that the Crimean War found us unprepared to fight, though doctors will always differ as to the degree of blame which should attach to Lord Hardinge. But the worries of that dreadful war had been too much for him, and the manner of his death was tragical enough. On the very day when the Queen had reviewed at Aldershot some of her home-returned Crimean heroes, the Commander-in-Chief was struck with paralysis when conferring with Her Majesty as to the conduct of the war, and a few weeks later he died.

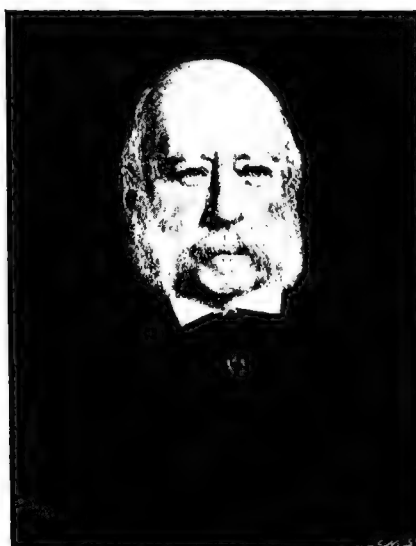
There was some talk of his being succeeded by the Prince Consort, who had always taken the most intelligent interest in military matters, but popular opinion was decidedly against this appointment, even if Her Majesty herself had been for it—which she certainly was not; and so a successor to Lord Hardinge was found, not in the Queen's Consort, but in the Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, who had returned, invalided, from the Crimea with the laurels of the Alma and Inkermann on his brow. In the Crimea he had commanded the splendid Division composed of the Guards and the Highland Brigade, and, personally, had made as stout a front against the Russians as his ancestor, George II., had



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
From the Portrait by Count Alfred D'Orsay
Photographed by Walker and Boutall



HENRY, VISCOUNT HARDINGE
From the Portrait by Sir F. Grant, P.R.A.
Photographed by Walker and Boutall



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
From a Photograph by The Graphic Photographer



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY
From the Portrait by Frank Howard, R.A.

moving in unison." The Duke of York had been equally devoted to the Prussian discipline, but it was Dundas who had reduced it to writing and got it dunned into the heads of the men who were to go forth on their dazzling if chequered career of triumph from Talavera to Toulouse. There was "much care and valour" wrote Sir Henry Bunbury, "in this Scotchman," whose tenure of office

from the Tagus to the Seine was quite good enough for him, and he was opposed to military reform. Not so much to reform the Army as to preserve it from ruin was the Duke's primary aim, and the tendency of the time, with its Joseph Humes and its other false expositors of national prosperity, was to whittle at the Estimates in the belief that Waterloo had given birth to an era of perpetual

done against the French at Dettingen when he drew his sword and dared them to come on. The Guelphs may even have been deficient in qualities of the head, but rarely in those of the heart. George of Cambridge never showed any lack of personal courage. But, as Kinglake wrote of him, "however careless of his own life, he was liable to be cruelly wrong with the weight of a command

The Story of the Naby*

An interesting fact which has been forgotten is recalled by Mr. Laird Clowes. This is that, in addition to impressment, our Navy in 1795 had to have recourse to conscription. Even the inland counties had to furnish a quota of men. Rutland, for example, was to contribute 232 men, Middlesex 451. The famous mutineer, Richard Parker, who had been a midshipman in the Navy but had been reduced to the status of a convict for insubordination and discharged for insanity, was among the quota for Perth. A very clear and accurate account of the conscription in which he figured so prominently is one of the most interesting features of this volume.

IV. In six volumes. By W. L. Clowes, Captain A. T. Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, and C. Laughton. (London: Sampson Low, 1899.)

PART I.

HOW WE GAINED OUR SUZERAINTY

Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one,

BOERS AND BRITISH IN BATTLE

Thus we have arrived not only at the reign of Her Gracious Majesty and at the first serious encounter between Boers (as distinguished from the Dutch we defeated at Cape Town) and British, but also at the period of that primary fact in South African history, the Great Trek of the Dutch farmers from the Cape Colony into the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal.

In the country now called the Orange Free State they were, of course, *a fortiori*, within our sphere. The first white man who ever crossed the Orange River was a Dutchman, Jacobus Coetzee, who in 1760 went some little distance north of it into Great Namaqualand. But the first white man to cross that river into the country now ruled by President Steyn was a Scotsman, Colonel Gordon, who in 1777, accompanied by another Scot like himself in the service of the Cape (Dutch) Government, not only crossed the great river, but gave it the name "Orange," after the Dutch Statholder. In the 'twenties of the present century Boers from the neighbouring Cape Colony were accustomed to cross the river and remain on the other side for a few months at a time; and in 1828 they began to remain permanently, buying land from the Basutos or the Griquas at nominal prices. Then came the emigrant Boers in 1835-6—the earliest of the *Voortrekking* parties from the Cape who desired to escape British rule. Some of them formed a *Maatschappij*, or Company, by way of Government, making its headquarters at a town they called Winburg to commemorate their success over the natives dispossessed. Here, again, these Boer fugitives of ours were in collision with a tribe—the Griquas—who were allied with us by treaty, so that when the Griquas asked our intervention there was really no pretext for the Boers claiming the country as unoccupied or beyond our jurisdiction. Sir P. Maitland sent in British troops, who dispersed the Boers at Zwart Kopjies in 1845; a British Resident was appointed, and in 1848 Governor Sir Harry Smith formally proclaimed the territory part of the Empire under the name of the Orange River British Sovereignty.

THE BATTLE OF BOOMPLAATS

Meanwhile the Boers beyond the Vaal River, which forms the northern boundary of the Orange State, had in 1844 set up a Volksraad, or People's Council, at Potchefstroom (within the British sphere, being below the twenty-fifth parallel), and adopted a simple form of government based on the "Thirty-three Articles." After the defeat at Boomplaats, Mr. Andries Pretorius, the Boer leader in Natal and on that occasion in the Orange State, shifted his quarters to the Transvaal, where his apparent genius for leadership caused him to be at once chosen Commandant-General. Thereupon he seems to have sought reconciliation with the British Government, or at any rate to have demeaned himself so as to gain its good graces. The strong man, Sir Harry Smith, was no longer at the head of affairs; the home Government was not inclined in the ticklish state of Europe to spend money in enforcing what seemed a barren dominion over the Boers. In 1852 the Transvaal Boers were absolved from allegiance by the Sand River Convention, and in 1853 the Free State Boers similarly gained independence by the Convention of Bloemfontein. Thus by the time Sir George Grey became Governor of the Cape in 1854 we seemed to have washed our hands of the Boers so far as they resided north of the Orange River. They had independent rights, but within our sphere.

(To be continued)



A CHRISTMAS PICNIC

MEMORANDA OF A ROUNDABOUT TOUR.

BY MARY STUART BOYD AND A.S. BOYD.

IV.—ABOUT AUCKLAND

AT the narrowest part of the North Island of New Zealand, girdled by a belt of extinct volcanoes, lies her most populous city, Auckland. The Maoris have named the harbour Waitemata, "Shining Water," and viewing the situation from the summit of Mount Eden or One Tree Hill, you cannot fail to regard it as one of the fairest spots on earth. Kipling says of it: "Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart," and, indeed, no more fitting words could be found wherein to describe that far-reaching expanse of land and water. A notable feature of the harbour is Rangitoto, a volcanic island green to its triple peak.

Coming direct from industrious, conventional England, New Zealand impressed us as a place of perpetual leisure. Workmen enjoy high wages and an eight hours' day;



A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

and no event is deemed too small to be made the occasion of a public holiday. There are no beggars, and everybody seems to have abundance of good food, plenty of suitable clothing, and ample time for recreation. Boating picnics are a favourite form of entertainment during the summer months, the various pleasure-seekers voyaging to one of the many islands of the Hauraki Gulf, and spreading the feast and boiling the "billy" under the branches of some umbrageous pohutukawa—a tree, whose magnificent scarlet blossom is in perfection at Christmas, and whose bloom is most profuse when washed by sea spray. There, after bathing, fishing, collecting the oddly distinctive New Zealand shells, or gathering the oysters that cover the tide-laved rocks, the hours speed quickly.

Any family combining the possession of a small settled income—say 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year—with a desire for unlimited sport, might take a worse step than that of emigrating to New

THE MALE
HELP AND
HIS CHANGE OF LINEN

Zealand. There pastimes, such as polo, hunting, shooting, yachting, fishing—the indulgence in any one of which in England entails considerable expenditure—can all be enjoyed for a minimum of expense. Land and house rent near town are expensive, but the ground is amazingly fertile, a mere strip of kitchen garden supplying a constant succession of fruit and vegetables, and horses can feed out all the year round. Female servants command high wages, but two colonial maids will undertake the work of four English domestics. The outdoor man of slouching deportment and limited wardrobe is a purely colonial product. He divides his time between the garden and the stables; and, being a composite creature, half animal and half vegetable, is rarely satisfactory.

Horses are so cheap in New Zealand that pedestrianism bids fair to become extinct. The postman does his rounds on horseback,

the butcher, a huge basket slung over his arm, canters up with ordered provender. Schoolboys, two frequently sharing a mount, ride to school, where a paddock is reserved for their ponies. Even the lamplighter performs his duties seated on an ambling nag; while the droves of cattle constantly met on the roads are always under the care of a mounted escort.

Auckland street cars are a wonderful institution. Of their convenience I had occasion to use them so little as not to be able to form a high opinion, though as to their inconvenience even a few trips assured me. The number of passengers is only limited by the clinging-on room. There are no seats on top, so that smokers have to find accommodation on the front and back platforms. At busy hours it is quite customary to see ten people



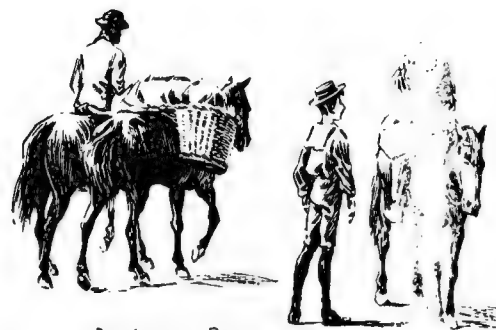
MOUNTED FORCES

squeezed on to the space originally designed for the driver, and a dozen or more hilarious travellers crowding the conductor off the back step, the inside being crowded with sitting and standing passengers. Even under these conditions none need hesitate to hail the car and insist upon admittance. There is always room for one more.

The Maori, both on holiday and in his work-a-day, or to put it more exactly, lazy-a-day life, we had many opportunities of studying. During our stay in Auckland a successful and highly creditable Industrial Exhibition was in progress, and the presence of many visitors suggested to the enterprising Ferry Company the chance of increasing their dividends. Their offer of considerable sums of money to be awarded as prizes for Maori sports, and competitions of music and dancing, drew a large number of natives to the camp prepared for them under the high cliffs at the Calliope Dock on the North shore.

The Maori is not beautiful, but he is valiant, and, let us trust, good. As for his better-half—in her native dress, with tattooed lips and chin, and long single ear-drop of greenstone, and with an appropriate background of tree fern or ti-tree scrub—she is savage, yet not displeasing. But in town, when her fancy has been permitted to riot among the violent aniline dyes of the drapers' cheap lots, and she is arrayed to the bent of her barbaric taste, she is a hideosity.

Begin at the ground, and picture a pair of large, flat brown feet and thick ankles appearing from beneath



PACK AND POST

a badly cut skirt of some howling design in checks; above hangs a short and disproportionately full petticoat of scarlet, purple, magenta or green velvet; a neckerchief of orange, blue, or crimson encircles the neck, and, tying all, is a grotesque, tattooed face, half concealed by the clinging frills of a brilliant pink sunbonnet. No sketch of a Maori lady of respectability is complete without a pipe—frequently a heavy silver-mounted one—worn in the mouth; and the initial effect of the pipes, the frilled bonnets and the gaudy garments is to bestow upon the worthy dames the ludicrous appearance of animated Aunt Sallies. One

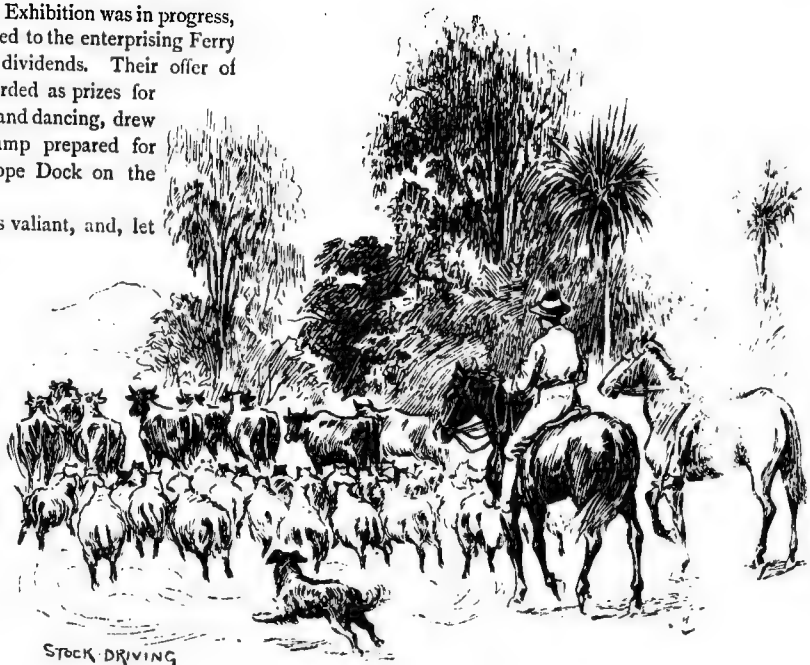


ON AN AUCKLAND TRAM

thing notable regarding the Maori woman is, that though a child's sun-bonnet is her favourite wear, she takes kindly to a man's soft felt hat, but seldom condescends to don an ordinary trimmed "confection."

The aspect of the men was decidedly less remarkable. Tattooing is becoming rare among them. As with other races, the women seem to cling to the old customs long after the male portion of their community has discarded them. The men allow their beards to grow instead of plucking them out as formerly, and only the very old men are tattooed; and now one or two married women may be met who, on account of the extremely painful nature of the operation, have refused to undergo an ordeal that was once imperative. Truth to tell, modern clothing and a tall hat accord but ill with completely tattooed faces; though one of our Chief whose acquaintance we made contrived to maintain a dignified demeanour while presenting these attributes to the public gaze.

The gathering brought together so many friends who had not met



STOCK DRIVING



RANGITOTO

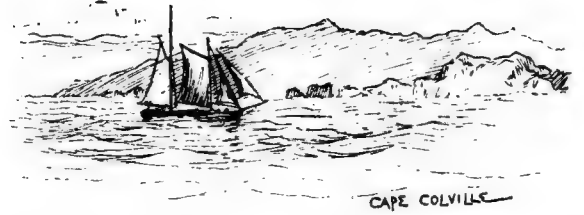
for some time that the ceremony of nose-rubbing was in great favour. It is an ugly, and, when performed in the most native fashion, a lengthy and disgusting performance. Two women meeting after an absence, will hand their babies to their male husbands, and, disappearing under each other's bosoms, will rub noses and weep floods of tears. Still when, at the close of ten minutes or so, the faces are withdrawn, they are streaming with moisture.

One day we saw a Maori boy greeting a number of his relatives. He gently pressed his nose against those of his tall and grandfathers, raising his hat the while, then completed his salutations by kissing or shaking hands with his younger relatives. The fact that he only rubbed noses with the older folks

were prone to demand that each competing party be assured a prize before consenting to bring off an event.

The most amusing items in the programme were the Canoe Obstacle Races, some paddled by the men and some by the *wahine* (women). The obstacle was a mast placed across the dock a foot or so above the water. Over that the canoes shot, almost invariably making a spill on the further side. The competitors being half amphibious animals, a ducking was regarded as a trifling matter, and they speedily righted the canoes, bailed out the water with their paddles, clambered in, and continued the race, doing all with unflagging energy and spirit.

In quest of volcanoes, geysers, and fumeroles, we coaxed far into the heart of Maoriland, and what we found went beyond our imaginings in both numbers and activity. Encountered in his

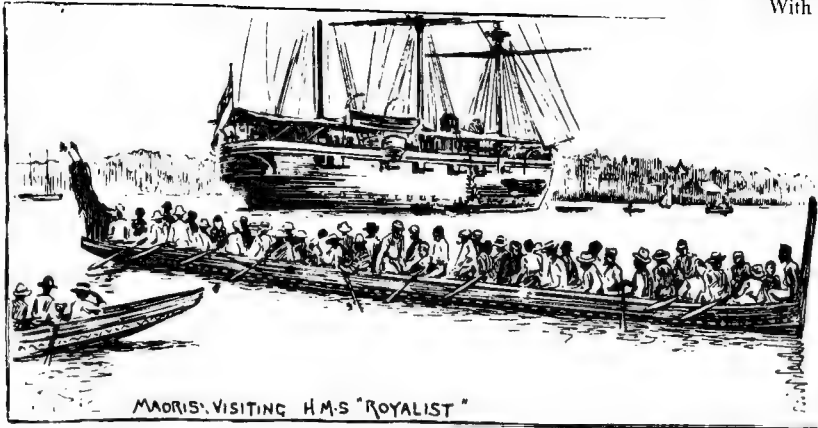


CAPE COLVILLE

dents of the Hot Lake District. Instead of being stalwart, muscular men, they seemed inert, sensuous, and exceedingly adipose; and it required the rousing influence of the vehement *haka* (war dance) to reveal that they still retained some trace of the fiery ancestral blood.

With the exciting gestures and the vehement ejaculations of the war dance, the Maori's hard countenance loses its complacency and assumes a hideous grimace, his eye-balls roll, his tongue protrudes. From his naked shoulders perspiration streams, his voice becomes more strident, his feet beat thunderously on the floor. The martial blood of his ancestors burns in his veins, he becomes once more a savage and a fighter.

In Wonderland the Maori women have an occupation peculiar to themselves. Sitting, walking, or lounging, each twirls a *poi*. A *poi* is an oval-shaped article made of flax, and is used exclusively in the dance, wherein each *wahine* displays marvellous dexterity in gyrating her pair of *pois*. Indeed, the *poi* dance begins and ends in *poi*, and the naked feet have naught to do save beat time to the words chanted, while the *pois* twist about—now up, now down, rotating with amazing velocity and extreme precision.



MAORIS VISITING H.M.S. "ROYALIST"



THE HAKA



THE POI DANCE

led to encourage the inference that, like the Maori, they may soon be considered as a nation of the future.

As chance had it, while in the harbour on the morning when the Maori braves had received the H.M.S. *Royalist*, then the sight of the quaint and gigantic carved prow of the British ship, seemed to bring from one of Captain

immense crowds, and the occasional hitches of the sensitive Maoris, who



COUNTRY COUSINS

native wilds, the Maori impressed us as a noble savage, generous, hospitable, heroic, and loyal, a notable warrior and a staunch comrade. But we noted few of these characteristics among the deca-

But, otherwise, little physical exertion is demanded of the tribes owning the "wonderland." They need not even kindle fires. Nature provides them with steam fumeroles over which to cook their *kumeras* (sweet potatoes), and warm pools to bathe in; and the dues exacted from visitors to the truly astounding sights suffice to supply all else.



THE NASAL SALUTE



A "WAHINE" CANOE RACE



AMONG THE HOT LAKES

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

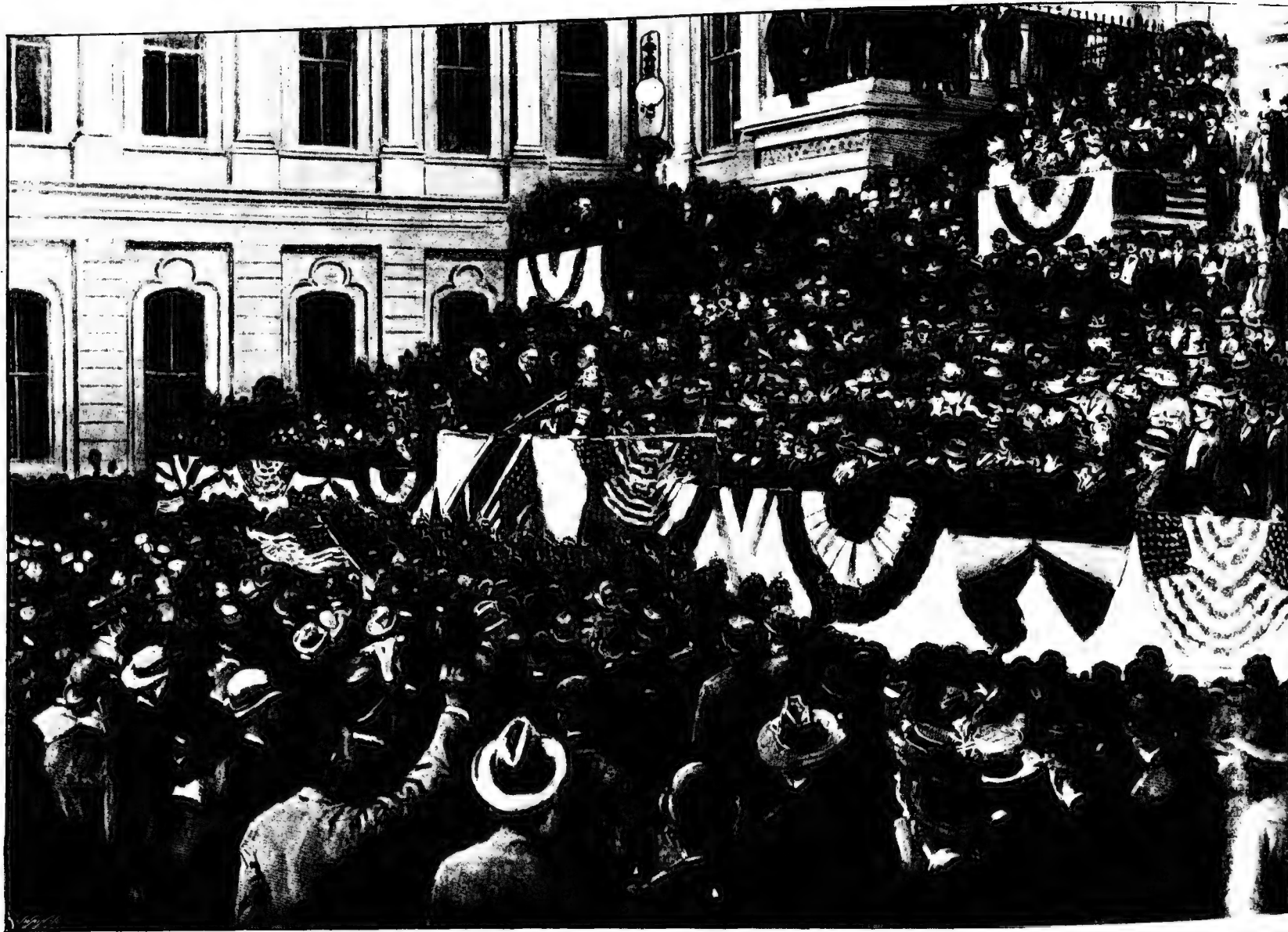
"THE CHRISTIAN"

MR. HALL CAINE's drama, *The Christian*, which was played for the first time in London at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre on Monday evening, is likely to cause to the readers of the novel on which it is founded some disappointment. The rapid and sketchy methods of the stage have not been found favourable to the due development of the character either of Glory Quayle or her lover John Storm; yet the contrast between the nature of the impulsive Manx girl, with her eager interest in life and its pleasures, and that of the fervid apostle of Christian Socialism lies at the very foundation of the story, and is even indispensable to our comprehension of the strange episodes in which these twain are the chief factors. Obviously it is not by shaking out her red locks, or even by describing herself as "the March hare and madwoman," that Glory can hope to impress upon the spectator her peculiar idiosyncrasies. A more penetrating insight, a minuter and more delicate touch seem to be needed to remove the obscurity which hangs over the relations of these two lovers. For lack of these requisites the stage Glory presents herself to us as

"A ROYAL FAMILY"

The Princess Alestine Victorine Angela, only daughter of Louis VII., King of the little State of Arcacia, has, like Falstaff, a rooted objection to doing any act on compulsion—above all when that act is concerned with so important a matter as the choice of a husband. When, therefore, her Royal father and his Ministers, moved by high reasons of State, formally betroth her to Victor Constantine, Crown Prince of the neighbouring State of Curland, the young lady, who has a very decided will and way of her own, positively refuses to be disposed of in the Royal marriage market to a bridegroom whom she has not even seen. In this unexpected difficulty which fills the whole Court of Arcacia, Cardinal shame and dismay, the astute but kind-hearted Casano, choice of Archbishop of Caron, proposes to the Prince that he shall assume the name of Prince Bernardine, and do his best to win the Princess's love under this disguise, quite independently of the machinations of Kings and diplomatists. The Prince and Princess, being both youthful and of pleasing manners, the scheme prospers. Left to themselves in the gardens of the palace mutual sympathy grows apace till the Princess is led to confess her love for her gay and gallant visitor, to whom she has confided the story of how the King and his Ministers would have forced her into a hateful union. But to her surprise Prince Bernardine sides at once with her persecutors, and declares his opinion that high reasons of State must prevail, and Angela, piqued by his cool indifference, changes her mind and

to touch the deep note of passion would indeed have been wholly out of keeping with the predominant tone of the play. On the other hand, the young Princess and her prepossessing companion are clearly not playing at love-making. Their mutual attachment, in spite of their light and playful moods, grows in sight of the audience, and takes in the end a tinge of romance which is eminently to be desired. Faults of construction in Captain Marshall's play there may be, but the blend of humour, satire and sentiment in the dialogue and situations betokens talent of a high order, and affords to the audience genuine pleasure. The piece is admirably acted. Mr. Paul Arthur's Crown Prince of Curland is a very model of princely grace and chivalrous courtesy, and Miss Gertrude Elliott's Princess is very fresh and pleasing in its girlish impulses. I have heard it complained that these impulses savour little of real dignity, but perhaps we shall not be far wrong in assuming that where personal feelings and passions are concerned, Princesses are after all, very like other people. Miss Elliott is at all events successful in making the Princess Angela a very amusing as well as a very interesting personage. Out of the nineteen other parts which complete the cast some are of conspicuous merit. Mr. Eric Lewis's King of Arcacia is a highly finished and humorous study; Mr. Dion Boucicault's Cardinal is at once shrewd, dignified and genial; Mrs. Charles Calvert as the Queen Mother utters her common-sense criticisms on each successive situation with telling effect; Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald as the pompous, puzzle-headed Chief Commissioner, Mr. James Erskine as the resplendent Equerry in Ordinary, are equally successful, and



A procession of soldiers and sailors escorted Admiral Dewey, who rode in a carriage with Mr. McKinley, from the White House to the Capitol, where, in the presence of the President and the members of the Cabinet and the Judiciary, the highest officers in the army and navy, and a vast crowd, Mr. Long, Secretary of the Navy, displayed a magnificent sword awarded by Congress to the hero of Manila. Mr. Long then handed

the sword to Mr. M. Kinley, who presented it to Admiral Dewey. "There was no flaw in your sword," said Mr. McKinley, "and there will be no flattery in maintaining it." After this speech, which was met with great applause, the President handed the sword to Admiral Dewey, who thanked both him and Mr. Long and Congress and his countrymen.

ADMIRAL DEWEY RECEIVING THE SWORD OF HONOUR VOTED BY CONGRESS ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

little more than a wayward and somewhat selfish person, with a perilous lack of maidenly reserve and a not too delicate taste in the matter of her choice of associates. In like manner, John Storm, without the scenes in the Bishopsgate Monastery, approaches nearer than we have hitherto found him to the ordinary type of the zealous, muscular young clergyman of the poor London suburbs. The net result is to give to the strong situations an air of exaggeration, and thus to reduce the work to the level of melodrama. Nevertheless, there is much that is dramatically effective in the play, which, counting the prologue, extends over five rather long acts. The acting is, on the whole, excellent. Mr. Herbert Waring, with his grave, earnest tone and manner, is quite an ideal John Storm, and Miss Evelyn Millard brings to the character of Glory Quayle all her personal charm and depth of passion. Miss Lily Hall Caine plays the incidental part of the unfortunate hospital nurse, Lolly Love, with touching sincerity, and Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, in their respective parts of Horatio Drake and Lord Robert Ure, contrive with considerable art to differentiate these odious types of young men about town. Generally, however, the music-hall acquaintances for whose society Glory, in spite of honest John Storm's solemn warnings, shows so strange a predilection, are too coarse and boisterous in tone and manner to be welcome to the audience. Mr. Charles Grove's Archdeacon Wealthy is an amusing, as well as a carefully finished portrait, and a word of praise is no less due to Mr. Fulton for his impressive performance in the character of Father Lamplugh.

announces her intention of espousing the man of her father's choice.

Such is the story of Captain Marshall's new comedy of romance with which Messrs. Chudleigh and Boucicault have just re-opened the COURT Theatre for the autumn season. It will be seen that the author takes his stand upon the ancient ways of the fairy story books. We all seem to know that Prince and Princess, and have even a haunting reminiscence of that splendid betrothal scene wherein Angela with timid airs and downcast eyes, giving her hand to the bridegroom, ventures at last to look upwards, and then discovers the deception which, thanks to the good Cardinal's ruse, has been practised upon her. It is all very simple and pretty, nor is its simplicity and prettiness much affected by the author's attempt to engraft upon it a little minor romance which is concerned with the Cardinal Archbishop's youthful secretary, Father Anselm, his silent and hopeless worship of the Princess and his mysterious relations with a terrible secret political society. These new issues puzzled the spectators for a moment, but it soon came to be seen that they had little or no influence upon the main current of the story. What really interested was the humorous and satirical sketches of the Court of Arcacia, and the love-making scenes between the pretended Count Bernardine and the skittish Princess. Once more it is shown that novelty in the theme, or even consistency of motive, are of far less importance on the stage than the rare faculty for writing scenes that awaken sympathy in the audience. Not that the love-making in *A Royal Family* is of a very fervid or impassioned kind. To have attempted

Master Reginald Denny surprised and delighted the audience by his amazingly precocious performance as Prince Charles Ferdinand, the King's little son and heir. The comedy is dramatically mounted, the Throne Room in the palace in which the betrothal scene of the betrothment takes place, with all its brilliant costumes and Court costumes, being particularly striking.

The new musical comedy, *San Toy*, or, *The Chinese Girl*, will be given at the opening of D. O. L.'s Theatre on Saturday evening. Four authors have combined their talents for the production of this piece. Mr. E. A. Morton, who is well known as a journalist, can scarcely be said to be a dramatist, but the dramatic author, is responsible for the book. Mr. J. H. Greenbank, Mr. Sidney Jones has composed the music. Miss M. Tempest, Mr. Haydn Coffin, Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Rutland, Mr. Fred Kaye, Miss Topsy Sinden, and numerous other performers of credit and renown figure in the long list of performers. The scene of the betrothment takes place, with all its brilliant costumes and Court costumes, being particularly striking.

The new heredity play, *Man and His Maker*, which was played at the Princess's Theatre, having failed to please, its place was taken on Thursday by a revival of *The Sign of the Cross*, with several changes of more or less importance in the cast of this popular piece, which is usually played at the Princess's Theatre.



GLORY (Miss Evelyn Millard)

JOHN STORM (Mr. Herbert Waring)

FATHER LAMPLUGH (Mr. Charles Fulton)

GLORY (Miss Evelyn Millard):—"I would rather take up your name, John—now, now injured and insulted as it is—than win all the triumphs the world has in it"

"THE CHRISTIAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE: THE FULFILMENT OF STORM'S PREDICTION

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

A Hospital Ship and its Uses

JUST as successful omelettes cannot be made without seriously damaging eggshells, so it is equally difficult to wage war without occasioning casualties. At any rate this seems to be the impression that prevails at No. 86, Pall Mall (otherwise the War Office). Consequently, in addition to making active preparations for dealing death and destruction to our prospective enemies, Lord Wolseley and his colleagues are busily attending to the providing of succour for such sick and wounded as the measures adopted for convincing the Boers of the present error of their ways may result in. The burden of this important duty naturally falls on the medical branch of the service, and everyone belonging thereto—from Surgeon-General J. Jamieson, C.B., at its head, down to the last joined recruit—is hard at work completing the necessary preparations. These, it need scarcely be said, are not light, for the medical needs of 50,000 men demand a good deal of attention. Already a great quantity of "medical comforts" has been despatched to the Cape, and additional stores of all descriptions—drugs, dressings, lint, surgical instruments, &c., are being daily examined, packed, and forwarded by every transport for use in the various field hospitals that are to be established in Natal.

Activity has not ended here, however, for a couple of vessels, to be employed as hospital ships, have also been chartered, and the first of these is now on her way to the Cape. Her name is the *Spartan* (Union Steamship Company), and in addition, a sister ship—the ss. *Trojan*—is also in the hands of the Army Medical Department. The ultimate destination of either vessel is to be Durban. Here they will be utilised in receiving for treatment on board such sick and wounded as an outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal may occasion. After being attended to by the doctors on the ship, the sufferers will be conveyed to Cape Town, where a garrison hospital has been built for some time on the shore of Table Bay.

To transform a Cape liner into a hospital ship is not quite so simple a process as the uninitiated may at first be inclined to imagine. Where the country's sick and wounded soldiers are concerned, it is only right that the greatest care should be exercised in providing for their proper medical treatment. Here scamped and hurried work cannot be tolerated for a moment, and accordingly thoroughness in detail is, as a matter of course, strictly insisted upon.

For this reason, before the *Spartan* was finally accepted for the purpose for which she has been fitted out, she was carefully inspected from stem to stern by the naval and military authorities, and then by the Army Medical Department. Representing the latter was Major Wodehouse, R.A.M.C., who has been selected to assume medical charge of the vessel. After diligently examining the internal arrangements of the ship, it was found that her owners had fulfilled their contract with entire satisfaction, and orders were accordingly given for embellishing the *Spartan's* bows and quarters with the Maltese Cross. By this was signified the fact that the vessel had been definitely accepted by the Government for use as a hospital ship.

As regards the manner in which the *Spartan* has been prepared for her new rôle, nothing but praise can be bestowed upon all concerned therewith. A strong point in favour of these various arrangements is the simplicity that characterises them. Efficiency, however, is not in the least sacrificed thereto, and the result is that the vessel is almost as perfectly equipped as is a hospital ashore. On the main deck (where ventilation is best obtained) four wards have been constructed. Of these, three are intended for the accommodation of N.C.O.'s and men, and one for officers only. These contain respectively sixty beds, and five. Should necessity arise, however, additional accommodation can be extemporised in other parts of the ship. Communication with the upper deck has been established by means of a couple of lifts. These have been specially constructed with a view to their carrying patients on stretchers. For beds swinging cots are adopted. Attached to them is a patent device which keeps them perfectly steady when the vessel is in harbour. An electric fan cools the air, and a powerful arc lamp supplies each ward with light. The "colour scheme" of the walls, lockers, cupboards, &c., is a pale green.

The medical officers, nursing sisters, and hospital orderlies are furnished with quarters in convenient proximity to the different wards, and, as a general rule, on the main deck. For the use of the doctors and sisters ordinary passenger cabins are provided, while the orderlies are berthed in the same manner as the troops when at sea. Among the other arrangements existing on board, mention should be made of a padded ward (for the reception of violent patients requiring restraint), a dispensary, bath-room, and laundry. In addition to these an operating room, fitted up with the Röntgen Ray apparatus, has been constructed on the forepart of the upper deck. By the way, the *Spartan* is rather noteworthy

in that she is the first English hospital ship that has carried this latest resource of modern medical science. Altogether, it will be seen that, whatever may have been the case in the past, every attention is now being paid to the medical needs of the troops who may be actively employed in South Africa.

Music

THE SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL

THE Sheffield Musical Festival, which took place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week, was chiefly remarkable for the surpassing beauty of the choir, picked voices from Sheffield and the surrounding district who, contrary to the custom in Yorkshire, were all amateurs and unpaid volunteers. They had been admirably trained by Dr. Coward, to whom, indeed, the success of the Festival was mainly due. The music performed was familiar enough to London visitors, but it included *The Messiah*, the choruses of which for once had been properly rehearsed, although the Crystal Palace band made several slips in the accompaniments; Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, Mr. Elgar's *King Olaf*, of which a splendid performance was vouchsafed; Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Sir Hubert Parry's *King Saul*, the choruses of which the composer himself, in a complimentary speech to the choir, admitted that he had never heard better sung. It may encourage those who believe that it does no pay to spend money upon extra rehearsals to learn that at Sheffield there was a balance of profit of nearly 800l.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

Madame Albani took her farewell of London on Saturday at a concert given by Mr. Vert. She was in excellent voice, but "Casta Diva" did not suit her, and she was far better in Mlle. Chaminade's "L'Été," and in "Elsa's Dream," which was given for an encore. Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Jones, who likewise appeared, on Monday, started her tour at Southport, and on Friday of this week she and her party were announced to sing at Balmoral before the Queen. Her tour, which will extend to Ireland, will not finish until December.

Madame Patti had intended last week to give a performance of *La Traviata* in the private theatre of her castle of Craig-y-Nos. When, however, the artists were entering the train at Paddington, telegrams arrived to stop them, as Madame Patti was slightly indisposed. The performance took place on Monday, when the distinguished artist was at her best. The representation was of an essentially private character. It was, indeed, given mainly in order that her husband, the Baron Cederström, and his brother, who is now in Wales on a visit from Sweden, should have an opportunity, which it seems they had never before enjoyed, of hearing the great prima donna in opera. Later on Madame Patti proposes also to give before an invited party of her private friends representations of *Lucia* and of *Il Barbiere*.

The students of the Royal College of Music have in preparation for performance before the end of the year Mozart's *Magic Flute*. The work will likewise be revived on a grand scale at Covent Garden next season.

M. Rivière, who for many years was conductor of the Alhambra and of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, will early next month have a farewell benefit. Having attained the age of eighty, he now proposes to retire into private life.

Mr. Cowen has been re-elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society. He directed these performances for some years down to 1892, when he resigned in favour of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whom he now again succeeds.

Dr. Troutbeck, Precentor of Westminster, who died last week, was well known in musical circles as the author of the English version of Gounod's *Redemption*, and of numerous other works, including several of the operas, oratorios, and cantatas issued by Messrs. Novello. He was likewise compiler of the Abbey Hymn Book.

Motor-Cars for Transport Purposes

AN Army Service Corps officer points out (in *The Golden Penny* this week) how little notice is being taken of the motor-car for transport purposes. During the recent German Army manoeuvres motor-cars of all descriptions were used, and with capital results. The fast petroleum cars were utilised by elderly staff officers, who could by this means travel along the roads at a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. For heavy traction steam motors were used, which averaged a speed of seven to eight miles an hour, which they can run for fifteen miles at a stretch, even with a load of several tons. Supposing horses or mules were used for such journeys, they would be useless after a couple of days' work.



The ladies of the Army Nursing Service, who went out in the *Braemar Castle* last week, have all had considerable experience of soldiers' hospital work. Miss A. Garriock, only promoted in July from sister to superintendent, has been more than thirteen years in the service; Miss A. C. L. Anderson comes from the London Military Hospital in Rochester Row; Miss S. G. Snowden from Devonport, Miss A. Guthrie from Chatham, Miss A. R. Rose-Innes from Aldershot, Miss A. A. Murphy from Dublin, Miss H. L. Neale from Canterbury, and Miss A. Nixon from Woolwich. The group is from a photograph by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

OFF TO THE FRONT: THE ARMY NURSING SISTERS WHO LEFT ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE"

Samson and Delilah was likewise given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday with much the same cast as at Sheffield, namely, Madame Brema as Delilah and Mr. Knowles as Abimelech; Mr. Ben Davies, however, now singing the music of *Samson*, and Mr. Price of the High Priest. The Crystal Palace band, which had played at Sheffield, of course also took part at Sydenham, but the choruses were somewhat tamely rendered.

PROMENADE CONCERTS

The Promenade Concert season closes this week, but Mr. Newman is carrying on his enterprise in spirited fashion to its close, and on the last night but one of the season we are promised a symphony by Carl Von Dittersdorf, the centenary of whose death occurs, it seems, next Tuesday, and Dvorák's new Symphonic Poem, *Heroic Song*, which we are also to hear to-day at the Crystal Palace. Another of the recent Symphonic Poems of Dvorák, entitled *The Wild Dove*, based upon a legendary poem by Erben, was produced at the Promenade Concerts last week. Here the music, in the course of five movements, seeks to depict (in a funeral march) the grief of a widow, then the comforting of her by a young peasant, with whom she falls in love, next the wedding scene, and then an impossible situation in which a wild dove, from the branches of an oak over the dead man's grave, reproaches the widow, who, it seems, has murdered her husband. Finally, immediately before an orchestral epilogue, the widow commits suicide. There is much fine and picturesque orchestration in this work. Another suite suggested by the nursery story of *Cinderella*, and orchestrated from some pianoforte pieces by Mr. Pitt, was produced on Saturday.

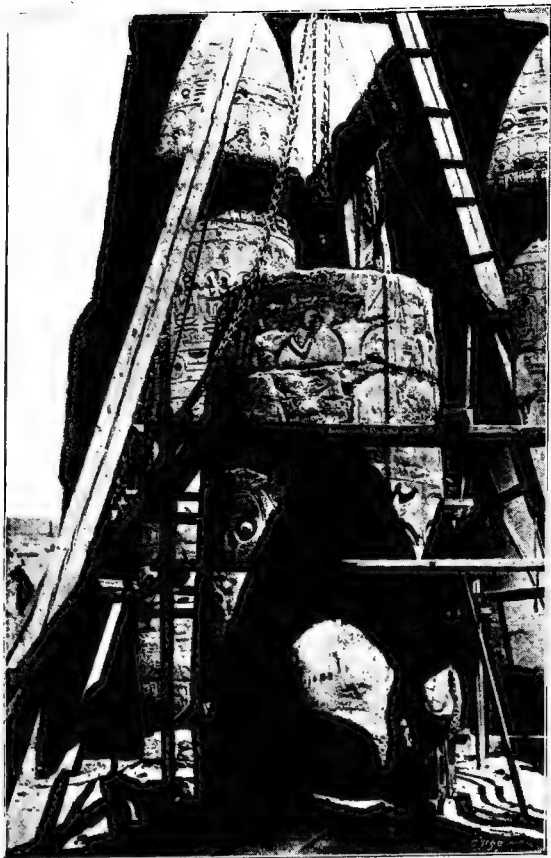
"THE KEY TO SOUTH AFRICA: DELAGOA BAY," by Montague George Jessett, F.R.G.S., is a handy little volume, and contains some pictures, and as far as it goes might be useful to those whose education as regards the geographical and political history of South Africa has been neglected; but considering that the author has "devoured all the literature appertaining to the subject," it is obtainable, besides visiting and seeing the place for himself, it is remarkable that he has nothing to tell us that was not known to those interested in South Africa months, if not years, before.

We have received from Messrs. W. B. Johnson & Co. No. 7 of *The Art Portfolio*, containing fine photographic reproductions of "The Battle of Trafalgar," by C. Stanfield, and "The Death of Nelson" and "The Fighting Temeraire," by Turner, and the "Portrait of Nelson," by L. F. Abbott. These pictures are excellently reproduced, and we are glad to notice that such work has all been done in England.

TRANSVAAL WAR MAPS.—We have received from G. Philip and Son an excellent large scale military map of the Natal Frontier, by which the military operations can easily be followed. From Edward Stanford the *Daily Chronicle* Map of the Boer Republics, a large scale map to illustrate the Crisis in South Africa, and from the British South Africa, both thoroughly up to date, and from the Universal Publishing Co., Ltd., a "Physical Relief Map" of the Transvaal, in which by an entirely new process the mountain ranges are shown in relief.

The Disaster at Karnak

THE catastrophe which occurred lately at Karnak, when, through a slight earthquake, eleven columns in the Great Hall of Karnak were overthrown, will be deplored by all who are interested in the preservation of the ancient monuments of Egypt. The Great Temple of Karnak, the oldest ruin now existing at Thebes, and, after the Pyramids, perhaps the best-known monument in Egypt, is situated on the east bank of the Nile, at a distance of 450 miles above Cairo, and 133 miles below Assuan. Built at different periods by many Kings, that part of the Temple known as the Great Hall, or the Hall of Columns, is generally ascribed to Seti I. and his great son Rameses II., who reigned B.C. 1370 to 1333, when Thebes was the capital of Egypt, then at the height of her glory. The Great Hall measures 170 ft. by 329 ft., and contains 122 immense columns 42 ft. in height and 28 ft. in circumference, distributed in lines of nine running east



RE-ERECTING THE "LEANING COLUMN"



SOME OF THE COLUMNS IN THE GREAT HALL, WITH THE "LEANING COLUMN" IN THE DISTANCE

and west. In addition to these there are twelve still more massive columns forming the central avenue and measuring 62 ft. in height and 35 ft. in circumference. The effect of the earthquake, we learn from an interesting letter from Professor Sayce in the *Times*, has been to overthrow eleven columns in all in the fourth and fifth rows north of the axis of the Temple and adjoining the famous "leaning column." They have fallen in a line one against the other from east to west, the westernmost being still partly held up by the western pylon of the Temple.

The "leaning column" shown in our illustrations was re-erected only last winter by M. Legrain, who has been engaged for the last three years in repairing the ruins of Karnak—a task of no small magnitude, as the bases of the columns had been undermined by infiltrations from the Nile, whose water, impregnated with nitre, had eaten into the sandstone and made it so soft that it could be dug out with the fingers. It is satisfactory to learn that all the columns repaired by M. Legrain have withstood the shock, and it is to be hoped that he may be allowed to complete the work of restoration without delay, and save one of the most magnificent of the old Egyptian monuments from decay. Our illustrations of the "leaning column" are from photographs by P. Sebah.

The Late W. E. Metford

WILLIAM ELLIS METFORD, the son of a Somerset doctor, began life as a civil engineer, and was for several years a member of the staff of the late Mr. Brunel. He went out to India to take up an appointment on the East Indian Railway under the present Sir Alexander Rendel. In India he showed interest in rifle-shooting;



THE LATE W. E. METFORD
One of the Inventors of the Lee-Metford Rifle

but he did not remain there long, for, very shortly after the Mutiny had been quelled, he returned to England much broken in health. He recovered in some measure, and, for the rest of his active life, he devoted himself to the study of rifle-shooting and to the mechanical improvement of the rifle. His life's work may be summarised fairly by saying that through the old match-rifle and his experiments with it and smaller-bored weapons, he brought our military weapon almost up to its present pitch of perfection. Enfield has put on the finishing touch, but Mr. Metford was the discoverer of the essential principle—that is the principle of shallow grooves. "It is one of the first essentials in a rifle," writes Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, "that the bullet should fill the bore entirely as it passes up it, so that there may be no leakage whatever of the powder gases past it. It was Mr. Metford who discovered that this result could be obtained with much more ease and certainty by using a bullet of hardened lead and keeping the grooves quite shallow; and his method, which had other advantages . . . brought about a revolution in the practice of rifle-makers." After exhaustive trials and inquiry, the experts decided to adopt a rifle in which the Lee action, which is American, was combined with the Metford system of rifling, the characteristic features of which were very shallow grooving and an absence of sharp corners where the fouling might lurk. Our portrait is from a photograph by James Fisher, Clifton.

Our portraits of officers on their way to the front are by the following:—Colonel Brabazon, Lieutenant Trotter, Major Douglas Haig, Major the Hon. J. H. G. Byng, Lieutenant-Colonel Gunning, Lieutenant-Colonel Hasting Hicks, Colonel Carleton, Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cuningham, Lieutenant-Colonel Coxhead, by J. Edwards, Hyde Park; Lieutenant-Colonel London, by S. Cribb, Southsea; Major Gosling, by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly; Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson, by Charles Knight, Aldershot; Colonel Douglas and Sir C. H. Smith, by Ball, Regent Street; Colonel Hime, by W. B. Sherwood, Durban; and Major-General Wauchope, by Waley, Regent Street.

Mappin & Webb's

Ltd.

PRESENTATION SILVER PLATE.



Massive Sterling Silver Candelabra, Richly Hand Chased and Pierced after Benvenuto Cellini.



Massive Sterling Silver "Panther" Cake Basket, Richly Hand Chased and Pierced.



Massive Sterling Silver "Panther" Waiters, Richly Hand Chased and Pierced.



Massive Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Richly Hand Chased after Benvenuto Cellini.



Sterling Silver Lamp, Richly Hand Chased after Benvenuto Cellini.

The Public Supplied
by the
Actual Makers
at Manufacturers'
Wholesale
Cash Prices, saving
all
Intermediate
Profits.

Illustrated
Price List
Post Free.
—
Selections
Sent
on Approval.

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

Manufactory and Show Rooms—
The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

WEST END
158 to 162 OXFORD ST.
LONDON, W.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
 Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
 Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.
 Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., GUILDFORD ST., LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

COLT'S
 Now "Service"
 New "Pocket"
REVOLVER
 LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES
 COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.,
 140 NASSAU STREET, LONDON, W.

**NERVOUS
 DEBILITY
 ANÆMIA**

DR. HOMMEL'S HÆMATOGEN

(English Patent No. 12,504.)

Literature with numerous Medical Testimonials on application to **NICOLAY & CO., 36, ST. ANDREW'S HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

S. H. Lanark, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. Edin., L.F.S. Glas., writes:—"I have pleasure in informing you that Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen has given me great satisfaction in a case of anæmia with nervous debility in which I gave it. The results were remarkable in building up the system and giving strength to the patient."
Dr. G. Blackburn, writes:—"Hommel's Hæmatogen is, in my opinion, an excellent brain food, and the very thing to combat brain-fag from which most men of science suffer at the present day. I shall recommend it most warmly to my colleagues."
Dr. Meyer, Rottenburg (Germany), writes:—"I gave Hommel's Hæmatogen to a young lady who had for several months suffered from severe anæmia, and had received no benefit from the usual medicines. The result was most extraordinary. All the bad symptoms disappeared in a short time, the young lady presented a blooming appearance, and might be considered as quite cured."

IS A BLOOD-FORMING TONIC of the utmost value in General Debility, Anæmia, Chlorosis, Nervous Exhaustion, Rickets, Scrofula, Weak Heart, Wasting Diseases (Lungs, etc.), Loss of Appetite, Slow Convalescence.

TO BE HAD OF ALL CHEMISTS. Price 4/- per Bottle.

ACCIDENTS
 & AILMENTS.

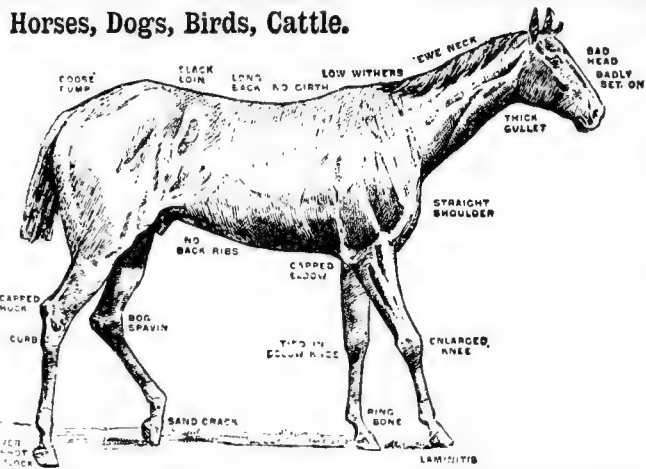
THE **ELLIMAN First Aid Book.**

Illustrated.

Horses, Dogs, Birds, Cattle.

Owners of Animals can have a bound copy post free receipt on Sixpence, or the Lab from a w of a 2, 2 3 6 Bottle Elliman Royal Embrocation would see copy post Foreign S accepted.

170 pages



Address: **ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., Slough, England.**

S. SMITH

& SON, LIM.,

Watchmakers to the Admiralty,
9, STRAND.

INCORPORATED 1899.

BUSINESS.—In answer to many queries can be had upon "THE TIMES" SYSTEM OF PAYMENT BY Full particulars and a copy of our "GUIDE TO THE POCKET OF A WATCH" sent post free.

Names of the Highest in the Land.

SPECIAL CHRONOGRAPH.

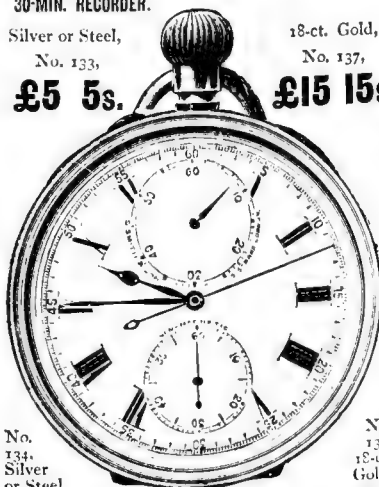
30-MIN. RECORDER.

Silver or Steel,
 No. 133.

£5 5s.

18-ct. Gold,
 No. 137.

£15 15s.



No. 134,
 Silver or Steel,

£8 8s. 60-MINUTE RECORDER.

No. 138,
 18-ct. Gold.

£21.

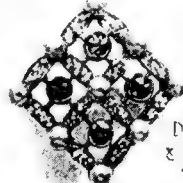
Makers of
 Marine
 Chronometers
 and
 Kew
 Observatory
 Certificated
 Watches.

Hancocks & Co.

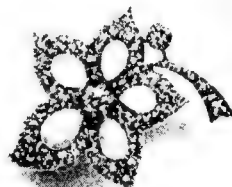
By Royal Warrant
 to H.M. The Queen



Pearls &
 Ruby Cluster
 6155. £3.0.0.



Rubies
 Diamonds
 & Pearls
 4951. £21.0.0.



Opals & Diamonds
 4835. £25.10.0.



Miniature with Pearl
 & Diamond Border.
 5030. £12.10.0.



Opal &
 Diamonds.
 6142. £21.0.0.



Pearls & Diamonds
 5002. £24.0.0.



Diamonds,
 Emeralds,
 Rubies
 & Sapphires.
 5003. £16.15.0.



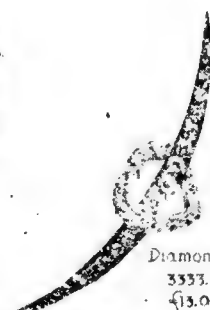
Pearls &
 Rubies
 6137. £15.0.0.



Turquoise & Diamonds
 6150. £35.0.0.



Diamonds
 5026.
 £28.10.0.



Diamonds
 3333.
 £13.0.0.

Cash Discount 5 percent

152 New Bond Street, W.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE



New Novels

"THE INDIAN BANGLE"

"It is a passion with some of perverted instincts to set down their deeds and misdeeds in black and white; and such documents are invariably to be relied upon." So observes Mr. Fergus Hume in the course of "The Indian Bangle" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.). The theory is a singularly unfortunate foundation for a

story, because such documents are *never* to be relied upon. They may contain much truth or little; but how much or how little no human mind, without the help of external evidence, can ever tell. Insanity is inherent in the very fact of writing them, if only the insanity of morbid vanity. The arch-villain of "The Indian Bangle" is a sham clergyman who has obtained a living under false pretences, and spends a considerable portion of his leisure upon a voluntary record of card-sharping, blackmailing, forgery and murder. He is especially great in murders, for he gives himself credit for three, including that of the real clergyman whom he personates, and especially the instance which constitutes the mystery of the novel. But a general proneness to self-incriminating confession is common to everybody in the novel. It is sometimes extorted, no doubt, but even then it is strangely full and free. But, accepting all this at the author's estimate of its worth, and assuming the right of people in novels to act in radically different ways from people out of them, the story is a good story, and displays Mr. Hume's skill in the manipulation of tenter-hooks to the best advantage.

"NELL GWYN'S DIAMOND"

A certain historic diamond was stolen from Nell Gwyn by a French priest for a Breton nunnery. A young English gentleman, for good cause, essayed its recovery, and was poisoned by the abbe. The priest, thinking the diamond wasted upon a shrine, managed to shut up the abbe in the vault with her victim, there to die of starvation. All this—and more of the sort—is recorded in Mr. J. Hooper's "Nell Gwyn's Diamond" (Adam and Charles Black). Much of the novel consists in the final happy marriage of the hero, after his burial, to the girl of his heart; the reformation of the abbe, and the appalling doom of the clerical villain. Cwm Aysgarth, the hero in question, has any amount of sympathetic dash and daring—one of his feats being to carry off a packet of letters from under Judge Jeffrey's own formidable nose. On the whole, we are more disposed to compliment Mr. Hooper on his inventiveness than on any other quality.

"MY DEAR SIR!"

Millionaires are rapidly ousting ineligible from the position so long held by the latter as heroes of fiction. Is fiction possibly more nearly approximating to fact—or is it the other way? However this may be, there can be no question of the hero-ship of Sir Richard Maillard, of whom Mr. Vogel tells the story under the inexplicably enigmatic title of "My Dear Sir!" (C. Arthur Pearson). Sir Richard, known to his intimates as "Tiny," is a multi-millionaire, a well-known athlete and sportsman, a long-descended baronet, a distinguished novelist, the most successful dramatist of the age, or, apparently, of any age, and generally supposed to be in the running for the office of Prime Minister. Moreover, he is worthy of his good fortune. But, alas! his life is shadowed by the desire to be loved for himself alone, and by the accompanying difficulty of making sure of it in the case of the best *parti* in the whole United Kingdom. So he plays a trick which has often been tried by heiresses, though seldom, we believe, if ever, by heirs. He enters a Ducal family, where he is unknown, as tutor to two little boys; and in no more than a few minutes fascinates the *belle* of the season—who also has never met his lion, strange to say. The contest in his heart between love and pride, and which proves the winner, form the principal topic of Mr. Vogel's brightly written and easily read story.

"THE SCHEMING OF AGATHA KENRICK"

"The Scheming of Agatha Kenrick," according to Robert F. Eldridge's account of it (Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.), was by no means distinguished by subtlety. Its object was to win for her self a fascinating young doctor who was honestly in love with another. Having made open and violent siege to him, and failed to meet with repulse, her next step was to murder him by poison. But in this also she failed, her unintended victim being the doctor's rival. And so, having become the husband of her rival, and so, having vainly sought refuge in a French hospital, she made her escape, and the rope that bound her to the guide, and



WALKING COSTUME

Of light brown cloth decorated with bands of stitched taffetas and woollen fringe same shade. Revers of white silk with black chenille. Neck piece of tu quoise blue tuck pane. Hat of blue pane, the crown tucked and stitched. Trimmed black ostrich tips and scarf of pale blue chiffon with black fringe ends.



MORNING GOWN

Of fine black cloth striped. Underskirt of silk. Revers of cream-colored cloth. Vest and fringed tie of Paisley patterned silk in red and yellow.

'QUEEN'S' PLATE
THE FINEST SUBSTITUTE
FOR SOLID SILVER.

ONLY LONDON
ADDRESSES:

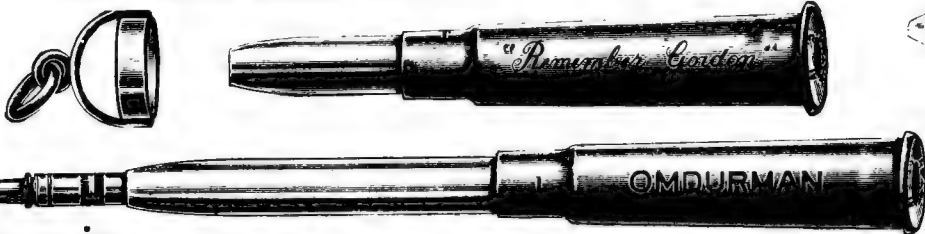
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S); 220, REGENT STREET W.

THE "KHARTOUM" PENCIL.

Adapted to absolutely Genuine Cartridge Cases, used by the BRITISH TROOPS at the BATTLE of OMDURMAN, obtained by permission of THE SIRDAR through the EGYPTIAN WAR OFFICE.



"Queen's" Plate Vegetable Dish
(3 Divison-),
£5 15s.



"Queen's" Plate Dish
Cover forms E.A. 10
£4 4

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE

Mappin Brothers have the exclusive sale of these Pencils, and have arranged to devote 10 per cent. of the value to the Funds of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL
CARRIAGE PAID



"Queen's" Plate Finely Engraved and Fluted
Soup Tureen,
£10 10s.

Metal Screw Action ... 4s. 6d. | Metal Loop for Watch Chain ... 1s. 6d.
Solid Silver Ratchet Action, as Illustration 10s. 6d. | Silver Loop for Watch Chain ... 2s. 6d.
Solid Gold and Platinum, including Gold Loop ... £3.

THE "RICHMOND" DESIGN DINNER SERVICE.
(Registered Number, 321,669).

"Queen's" Plate Sauce Boat,
£2 15s.



"Queen's" Plate Soup Tureen,
£4.



"Queen's" Plate Dish
10 inch ... £3 15 0
12 inch ... 4 5 0
18 inch ... 7 0 0

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., 220, REGENT STREET, W., LONDON; & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

21
NO
MORE
ASTHMA
DR. CURE

from this moment. Awarded one hundred thousand francs, gold and silver medals, and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from

SEEGER'S
It dyes the Hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown or Black, by merely combing it through.
Annual Sale 270,000 Bottles.
Of all Druggists 2s., or plain sealed case post free, 2s. 2d.
HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London, E.C.
HAIR DYE

CARTER Illustrated Catalogues
POST FREE.
20 GOLD MEDALS & AWARDS

NEW CAVENDISH ST.
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
LITERARY MACHINE

Each doing a book or writing desk in any position over an adjustable chair, bed or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping. Invaluable to Lawyers & Students. Prices from 17/6

INVALID COMFORTS

Bed Lifts £4 4s.
Reclining Boards 25s.
Walking Machines, portable W.C.'s
Electric Bells, Urinals,
Air & Water Beds, &c.

Self-Propelling Chairs from £2 2s

AMBULANCES—Hand or Horse.
Best in the World!

Used by H.M. Gt. Govt.
Adopted by the Hospitals Association

BATH CHAIRS from £1 5s.

Adjustable Bath Chair or Spinal Carriage.

Adjustable Couches, Beds, from £1 15s.

Bed Rests 7/6
Leg Rests 10/-
Crutches 10/6
Bed Baths 12/6
Commodore 25/-

Breakfast-in-Bed Tables
from £1 10s.

For the Street Accident Service of London.

For Hand or Pony.

NOTICE.—The business of Messrs. Alfred Carter, Ltd., of Holborn Viaduct and Shoe Lane, is now amalgamated with that of John Carter, and henceforth they will trade under the style of Messrs. Carter. All communications should be addressed to 6a, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, W.

Newetsons

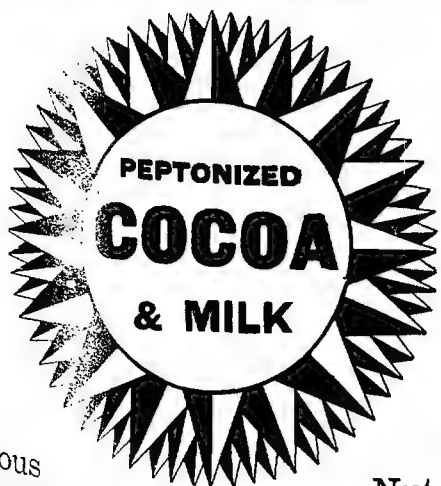
Sheraton,
Chippendale, and other
genuine antique
furniture

Largest stock of carved
oak furniture in the world
1899 Catalogue gratuitous.

Tottenham Court Road London, W.



SAVORY & MOORE'S



Delicious
Excellent, of great value.—LANCET.

Nutritious

In Tins 2/6. Half-Tins (samples) 1/6.

THE RAPID
HAND ICE MACHINE
For Making Ice, Cooling
Liquids, Cooling Butter,
&c.
A Most Successful
Invention.
Price £9.
ask for
list.
The Patagonia Co. Ltd.
9 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

HINKS'
PATENT
DRUM STOVE.



No. 1

No. 1

SEND FOR ADDRESS OF
NEAREST AGENT TO

JAMES HINKS & SON, Ltd., Birmingham.

BATH

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

**FINEST SUITE of BATHS
IN THE WORLD.**



The Great Roman Bath.

GOOD HOTELS.

TWO HOURS FROM LONDON.

Letters to the General Manager receive every attention.

'THE GUN OF THE PERIOD'

Honours: Paris, 1878;
Sydney, 1879;
Melbourne, 1881;
Calcutta, 1884.

(Trade Mark Regd.)

AS AN EJECTOR.

Illustrated Catalogue Now Ready.

The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best Ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis's Treble Grip, from 20 to 40s. Other Ejectors from 16s. Non-Ejectors from 10s. Send 6 stamps for Illustrated Catalogue, 200pp., of ACTUAL STOCK for 1899. Our stock of Sporting Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers is the largest in England. Anything on approval; on deposit.



SEASON 1899.—Special Ejector, £18 1s.

Cross-bolt Non-Ejector, £9 0s.
Cartridges: Black Powder from 6s.
Nitro Powders from 8s. 6d. 1 or 10

G. E. LEWIS, Gun, Rifle and Cartridge Manufacturer,
32 & 33, Lower Loveday Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Established 1850.

Telegraphic Address—"Period, Birmingham."

DINNEFORD'S

The best remedy for
Acidity of the Stomach,
Heartburn,
Headache, Gout, and
Indigestion; and the



safest Aperient for
delicate Constitutions,
Ladies, Children,
and Infants.

MAGNESIA

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Books in Brief

WHAT strikes one more than anything else in reading "Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal" (Campion Low) is the extremely happy disposition of its author, Captain the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N. Nothing seems to put him out. He starts for his different tours with an idea of thoroughly enjoying himself, and enjoy himself he does. His good-nature shines out from between the pages. The writing is bright, witty, and at the same time eminently descriptive. It is extraordinary how little we English know of Portugal. Italy, Austria, Norway, and countries even farther afield are overrun by tourists every year, yet here is Portugal, within two days' steaming of our doors, utterly neglected by travellers. It is only necessary to read Captain Shore's book to see what an interesting, picturesque, and romantic country it is, and beyond this there is this advantage that it does not lay itself out "to do for tourists." The one thing necessary for the thorough appreciation of a trip through Portugal is a knowledge of the history of the Peninsular War. We can heartily recommend this volume to stay-at-home folks, and also to the few who know this country and the many who don't, and are looking for "fresh fields and pastures new" to traverse. The volume is illustrated by the author.

"The Heart of Asia," by E. H. Skrine and E. D. Ross (Methuen), is a most comprehensive volume. In its four hundred and twenty pages is comprised the whole history of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates, and from the earliest times right down to the present day. Every available authority has been laid under contribution by these energetic authors: the annals of Iranians, Greeks, Scythians, Chinese, Turks and Russians have been consulted. In the first chapter we read of the conquering of Persia and the overthrow of Darius II. by Alexander of Macedon, (334 to 331 B.C.) The rise of Islam and the invasion of Persia by the Arabs is fully described. The second part of the book is devoted to the "Making of Russia" and the growth of that Empire. It is impossible in the small space we have at our disposal to give an adequate idea of the immense amount of valuable material contained in this volume, or of the amount of care and patience expended upon it by the authors, both of whom were well qualified to undertake their difficult task. Independently of each other, they have travelled over the land of which they write, and with their knowledge of the languages were able to consult authorities hitherto inaccessible to persons unacquainted with the languages in which they were written. Professor Ross is responsible for the greater part of the research in the historical chapters, whilst Mr. Skrine's province has been to describe the mechanism of government, the development of railways and commerce, and the social life in great cities. The illustrations comprise reproductions of several of Verestchagin's pictures and some useful maps.

"Rembrandt," by H. Knackfuss, translated by Campbell Johnson (Grevel), is the third volume of "Monographs on Artists." The author is an art critic of the first order, and writes with a knowledge of his subject that is possessed by few. The book is most carefully printed, and contains a hundred and fifty-seven reproductions of Rembrandt's works, both paintings and etchings. Nothing could be better than the general get-up of the volume; it is tastefully bound, the illustrations are well chosen, and the letter-press is worthy of the illustrations, and, in addition, its moderate price brings it within the reach of all lovers of art and books.



The solid silver casket presented to Mr. Richard Copley Christie by the Corporation of the City of Manchester, with the Freedom of the City, is Gothic in style. The body of the box is divided into panels by pillars with floral capitals. The smaller panels between the pillars are occupied by eight chased figures typifying the City of Manchester, Law, Justice, Philanthropy, Literature, Science, and Art, together with Commerce and Navigation. In the centre panel of the front is shown a view, in coloured enamel, of the Christie Library, and on the two remaining panels are the Arms of the recipient and Owen's College, also in enamel. On the reverse is the inscription, while the two other panels contain representations of Commerce and Municipal Government. On one end of the casket is a medallion portrait of Mr. Christie, and on the other a portrait of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth. The lid is surmounted by a rich scroll-work canopy, with pinnacles forming a framework to the blazon of the City Arms. The lower portion of the lid is decorated with panels bearing symbols of learning and other accomplishments, and the monogram of the recipient is placed in the centre. The casket was designed and manufactured by the well-known Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent-street, and was supplied through Mr. H. C. Boddington, of Manchester.

A MANCHESTER PRESENTATION

We have received from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode a volume entitled "Light from the East; or, The Witness of the Monuments," in which the author, the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A., by means of illustrations of ancient monuments, tablets, bricks, bas-reliefs, seals and other specimens of Biblical archaeology, and the translation of the writing found upon them, "has," to quote his preface, "endeavoured to furnish Bible students who are not versed in the language of the ancient East with some of the chief results of recent Oriental research and discovery, so far as these are calculated to throw light on the text and meaning of Scripture. The volume opens with a translation of the writing on the fragments of the tablets found by the late George Smith in a chamber of the ruined palace of the King of Assyria, at Kuyunjik, on the site of the ancient Nineveh, and entitled "The Babylonian Epic of Creation." The volume contains over 330 illustrations, many of them printed in colours, and the publishers claim that it is the most comprehensive series of Biblical illustrations ever brought within reach of the English public. The book is certainly as complete as it possibly could be under the circumstances, and students of the Bible, of Bible history, and all those interested in Egyptology and the archaeology of the East, will find it a most valuable and interesting help to their studies.

We must congratulate Mrs. W. R. Rickman (Miss C. Mabel Duff) upon the successful manner in which she has carried out her arduous task of compiling "The Chronology of India from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century." The care and pains expended on this work must have been immense. As she tells us in her introduction, the literature of the Hindus contains scarcely any works of an historical character, consequently chronologists of India are dependent on the testimony of coins and inscriptions, and when these fail them, are obliged to conjecture and inferences which are liable to be corrected or upset by subsequent discovery. In any case the future of Indian history and writers on Indian affairs will owe a deep debt of gratitude to this lady for her careful and comprehensive work.

"Alfred the Great," edited by Alfred Bowker (Mayor of Winchester (1897-8) (Black), is the outcome of the preparations for the thousandth anniversary of the death of our great Sovereign of the past." Mr. Bowker, in his preface, states that the International Committee organising the commemoration has considered it very advisable that a publication should be issued with a view to diffusing, as widely as possible, public knowledge of the King's life and work. This being the sole object, it became essential that the book should not be costly, but within the reach of all. It must not be thought that this is a history in the ordinary estimation of the word. It is a collection of papers, well chosen out and ably written by some of the foremost writers of the day. Sir Walter Besant contributes an interesting and scholarly introduction; Frederic Harrison gives us his opinion of "Alfred as King;" the Bishop of Bristol deals with him as a "Religious Man and an Educationalist;" and Charles Oman, M.A., F.S.A., as a "Warrior." The President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Clements Markham, writes an able article on Alfred as a "Geographer," whilst the Rev. John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Oxford, considers him as a "Writer." "English Law before the Norman Conquest" is treated on by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., and "Alfred and the Arts," by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, F.S.A. The object the editor has in view is not only that the public should derive both pleasure and profit from this volume, but that the perusal of the chapters should arouse so much enthusiasm that the readers should assist in raising enough money to erect a fitting memorial to Alfred the Great in Winchester.

"Sarah Bernhardt," by Jules Huret, translated from the French by G. A. Raper (Chapman and Hall), is sure of a hearty welcome from the admirers—and their name is legion—of that great actress. The "Life" is very complete, and it is from the lips of the *grande tragédienne* herself that M. Huret heard the story of her stormy yet eminently successful career. It will surprise many people to hear that Sarah Bernhardt, unlike so many so-called actresses whose portraits, in more or less scanty attire, we are wont to see in certain monthly and weekly periodicals, did not become an actress through her love of, or hankering after, the stage. There was nothing of the "art for art's sake" of which we read so much in the interviews with theatrical nobodies about her *début*. She was the eleventh of fourteen children, and had her living to make. At the suggestion of the Duc de Morny, she tried for and gained admission to the Conservatoire. She tells us herself that she began her studies without the slightest enthusiasm, that she had neither taste nor inclination for the profession. In her examinations she was never able to gain a first prize: only the seconds fell to her.



No WASTE IN THE KITCHEN.

need occur where Liebig Company's Extract is used. No waste of time, no waste of materials, for with a small quantity of extract, remnants, which by themselves would be insipid and useless, can be made into a delicate soup, or savoury dish.

Get the genuine, signed in Blue,

For Liebig

LIEBIG
COMPANY'S EXTRACT



A FRIEND FOR FAIR FORMS AND FACES.

SWAN WHITE FLOATING **SOAP**

DAINTY, FRAGRANT, PURE.

Ladies like it
because it floats

Ladies are pleased
with its dainty
appearance

Ladies are Charmed
with its fragrant
aroma.

Ladies are Delighted
with its exquisite
purity.

SWAN White Floating SOAP is manufactured from the purest and sweetest of edible oils and fats, and is expressly made for washing dainty fabric, for the toilet, and the bath.

A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

OCTOBER is not often so cold a month as it has been thus far in its course. The morning mists, the midday sunshine, the still air,

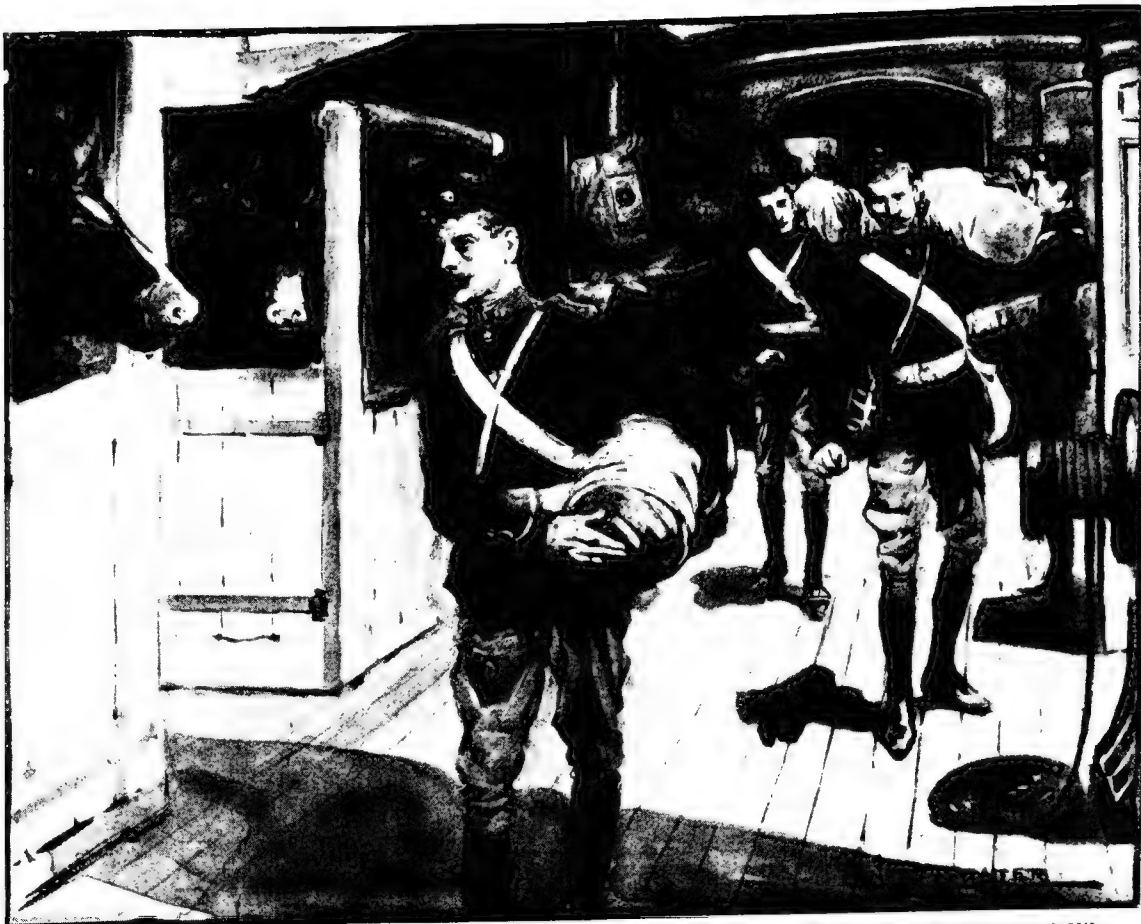
month of the pheasant. Yet it is in October, of all other months, that most meteorological advantage is to be gained. The temperature of Mentone and the Riviera is 60° to 70° F., which is that of our August without the scorching noonday heat. In fact, October in the south of France and the north of Italy is, for the most part, as perfect a climate as mortals are capable of living in. The phrase "for the most part" has been aptly used, for the

premeditation. The present October is marked by a cold wave striking in the south proportionately. Thus at Rome a fall of 5° has rendered fine nights trying, while at Vienna a fall of 10° has killed the last of the open-air entertainers. Berlin, which of Vienna, has had a 5 d° warmer, and has escaped the cold wave, the noonday mean being the Plantes, and 52° at midnight. The cold is seemingly told more on the Continent than either in England or the fall of the leaves since the 1st has been very slow, and the woods are standing so fast that November 1st is like seeing them practically.

AUTUMN PLANTING

Few property owners plant trees with any regard to their autumnal beauties; yet other things being equal the addition of a single advantage should turn the scale. The tree which of all others glorifies the autumn is the maple, which is the national tree of Canada. It thrives in a cold climate, but it is no part of England where it will not do fairly well, and, of course, its culture in the north and in bleak countries such as Lincoln and Norfolk is especially to be recommended. Its leaves put on a wonderful scarlet livery in October, and in early November change it for one

of gold. The change of colour in the foliage is gradual; green and gold leaves seldom fail to be seen coincidentally, though there is a stage between. The rich gold of oak foliage in early decay is rivalled by the copper hues of the beech and hornbeam, while many lovers of tender tones have a great affection for the curious and brown of the fading elm. The chestnut is not a common gold colour in its fading leaves. They are called golden lued by many,



DRAWN BY ERNEST PRATER

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

BETWEEN DECKS: A SCENE ON THE TRANSPORT "MEXICAN" AT SOUTHAMPTON OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA

Then, again, she had tremendously hard work to win the approbation of the critics. Sarcy certainly, with few exceptions, praised her, but Paul de Sainte-Victor never could say a good word for her, but criticised her in a most unfair, not to say spiteful and personal, way. It is almost laughable to read of Madame Bernhardt's marvellous voice that it "positively wounds the ear." This is a most interesting book from beginning to end. M. Rostand contributes, in the shape of a letter to the author, an interesting preface in which he gives us a good idea of the personality of his *Reine de l'attitude et Princesse des gestes* as a woman, apart from that of the actress. The volume contains numerous photographs of Madame Bernhardt in the different characters she has played.

The "Reminiscences of the King of Roumania" are interesting for several reasons. In the first place the history of Roumania is a chronicle of one of the most successful countries which have been governed by a foreign Prince elected by the people; secondly, Charles of Roumania is in himself a man of most interesting personality, and beyond this because these reminiscences are published by the permission of, and to a great extent are the work of, the King himself. Mr. Sydney Whitman, the editor of this volume, in his preface, tells the story of how the original of this volume came to be written. He says:—"One day an enterprising man of letters applied to one who had followed the King's career for years with vivid interest, and said 'The public of a country extending from the Alps to the ocean is eager to know something about Roumania and her Hohenzollern ruler.'" The King, without whose consent nothing could be done, thought the matter over, and, notwithstanding his dislike to be talked about, decided, after several years' consideration, that his country would be benefited if the world at large knew more about it and its ruler. Lack of space prevents us entering into a description of the life and work of the King. Suffice it to say that no book could have given a better idea of what the King has done for his adopted country, and how much that country has benefited by his wise and tactful rule. The book is sure to interest those who have not forgotten the important part played by Roumania in the Russo-Turkish War, and in fact all those who are interested in the history of Eastern Europe.

are characteristics of the season, but the temperature is generally 2 to 3 degs. higher at midday, and 4 to 6 degs. higher at midnight than the recent records. The country is very pleasant in October, with the peculiar aroma of the autumn in the woods, and the falling foliage opening up new vistas in the landscape. Pleasant, too, is the scent of the upturned loam as the plough proceeds on its way, and the sportsman has, of course, his peculiar praises for the

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE AND ALL GOODS SENT FREE AND SAFE BY POST. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER, AND ELECTRO PLATE (4000 ILLUSTRATIONS) POST FREE.

SPECIAL THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, LTD., 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C. (Over the Post Office). Second-hand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by Return of Post. An Assortment of all kinds of Goods always on hand.

Single Stone Brilliant Ring, 45/1. Larger sizes in stock.

New Brooch, Rubies or Sapphires and Brilliants, £6 15s.

Three-row Diamond New Moon Brooch, £10 15s.

18-ct. Ring, set with 6 Brilliants, 1 White Pearl, 1 Ruby, and 1 Sapphire, £4 15s.

Registered. With Chain Back, £42.

New Diamond Star Hair Ornament, £5. Bead Necklace. A variety of larger.

Brooch, Pendant, or Choice whole Pearl for above, £5 5s. size Stars in Stock.

Choice Whole Pearl Necklet with 11 White Brilliants, £12 15s.

Crescent Brooch or Hair Ornament, finest White Brilliants, £42. Smaller sizes from £8 15s.

Pearl and Diamond Scarf Pin, £1 10s.

Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin, Real Pearl Ball, 12s. 6d.

Diamond Scarf Pin, Special for Blue.

New Signet Scarf Pin, Best Gold, Flageo, beautifully enamelled in colours, £1 5s. "Let us keep together for mutual protection."

Any Signets made to order as Scarf Pins, Brooches, or enamelled on Match Boxes.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS, LTD., DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY AMSTERDAM, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "RUSPOLI, LONDON."

ADAMS'S

"Having made a fresh trial of its virtues we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."—The Queen.

FURNITURE

THE OLDEST AND BEST. POLISH.

For Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, Oil Cloths, and all Varnished and Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

OETZMANN & CO.

62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W. (Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road).

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE Now Proceeding.

Special Illustrated Sale Catalogue (36 Pages) Post Free.

Handsome Inlaid Mahogany Sheraton Bureau, with four drawers, interior fitted with small drawer and pigeon holes for stationery, 2 ft. 6 in. wide. £3 15 0

JAMES LINDSAY & CO. LTD., BELFAST

Supply Families and those Furnish with

LINEN MANUFACTURERS By Special Appointment To H.M. THE QUEEN.

IRISH DAMASK

From the most Moderate in Price to THE FINEST WOVEN. TABLE LINEN.

BED LINEN OF NOTED SUPERIORITY FOR WEAR

Hand-Embroidered Bed Spreads, Sheets, Pill Sideboard Cloths of Unrivalled Excellence.

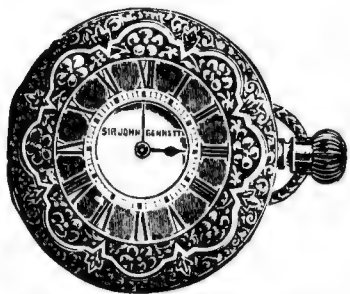
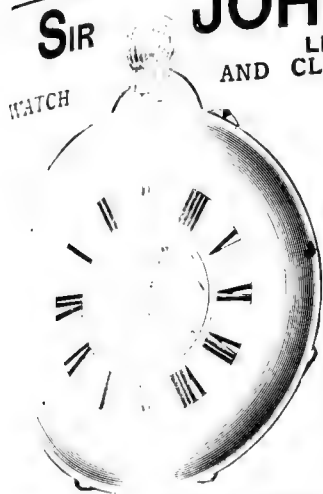
Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs in Beautiful Designs, Embroidered.

WEDDING OUTFITS A SPECIALITY.

Samples and Illustrated Price List Free on Application.

JOHN BENNETT, LIMITED,

AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. Air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto in Silver, £5.

SILVER WATCHES from £2.
GOLD WATCHES from £5.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

£5.—THE CHEAPSIDE 3/4-Plate ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER, with CHRONOMETER BALANCE and jewelled in thirteen actions in strong silver case with crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight.

JEWELLERY of EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65 and 64, Cheapside, E.C.



CATALOGUE, ILLUSTRATED in COLOR, Post Free.

THE "DUFF" GERM-PROOF FILTER

(BRITISH MAKE) FILTER
The most rapid GERM-PROOF filtering medium on the market.
Approved by the British Medical Association.

Prices and full particulars from
WITTY & WYATT, LTD.
88, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

KODAK

cameras for easy photography. Mastered in a few minutes.

KODAK

cameras for all purses and all purposes. Light and compact.

KODAK

cameras require no dark room for changing the films.

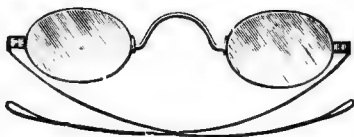
Prices £1 1s. to £7 7s.

KODAK, Limited,
43, Clerkenwell Road,
London, E.C. Retail
Branches: 60 Cheapside,
E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.;
171-173 Regent St., W.

SPECTACLES

FOR

ELECTRIC LIGHT,
INCANDESCENT GAS,
AND OTHER POWERFUL ILLUMINANTS.



NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
THERMOSCOPIC LENSES
Protect the Eyes from Glare, and
RENDER THE LIGHT SOFT & COOL.

Illustrated Price-Lists of Optical and Meteorological Instruments free by post to all parts of the World.

NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA,
Scientific Instrument Makers to the Queen,
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches:—

45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.

AMATEUR'S DREAM

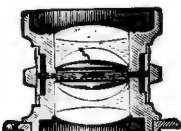
Realised!

THE BEST LENS fitted on the lightest Camera.



Folding-Pocket, Cartridge,
Special Bullet & Bull's-Eye.

KODAKS



FITTED WITH

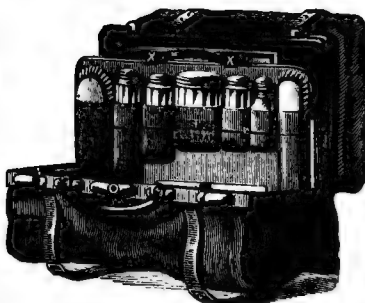
GOERZ DOUBLE ANASTIGMATS

Price List may be obtained free on application to any good Photographic Dealer throughout the kingdom, or to

C. P. GOERZ,

4 & 5, HOLBORN CIRCUS,
LONDON, E.C.

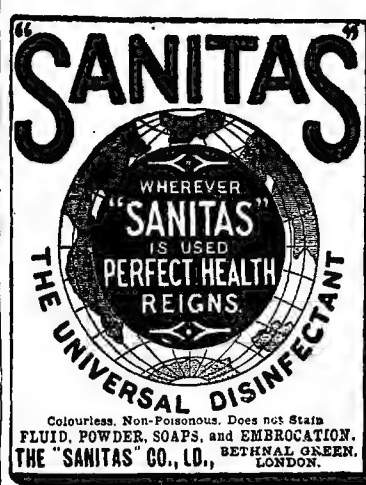
FISHER'S GLADSTONE



£5 to £50 : 0 : 0

Catalogues Free.

FISHER, 188, Strand



Colourless, Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain
FLUID, POWDER, SOAPS, and EMBROCATION.
THE "SANITAS" CO., LD., BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

BEWARE OF
CHEAP
AND
WORTHLESS
IMITATIONS.



Head Offices—NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.
Paris Depot—24, RUE ALIBERT.
U.S. Depot—98, BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

OBTAINABLE
ON

"The Times"

INSTALMENT
SYSTEM OF

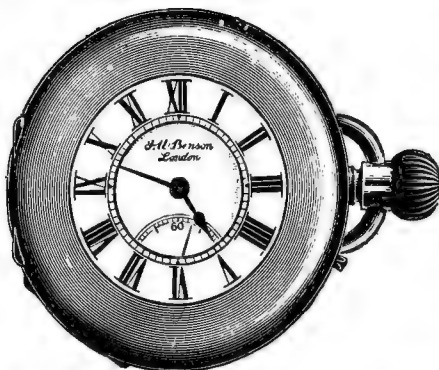
20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS of £1 5s.

The Novel Plan adopted by "THE TIMES" for their Subscribers.

FOR HOME,
INDIAN, or
COLONIAL
WEAR,



CATALOGUE
and
ORDER
FORM
FREE.



BENSON'S £25

RENOWNED GOLD KEYLESS

"FIELD" WATCH

Half Chronometer, English Lever,
Breguet Sprung and Adjusted.

IN HUNTING, HALF-HUNTING or
CRYSTAL GLASS 18ct. GOLD CASES.

A warranty for correct performance and
manufacture is given with each Watch.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.



18-ct. Gold Chains to match watch, £10, £15, and £20.

Largest Stock in London.

Obtainable on "The Times" Novel Plan of Monthly Payments of £1 and Upwards.

62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C., & 25, Old Bond St., W.

AT CATALOGUE CASH PRICE. ALL OUR WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c., can be had upon "The Times" Encyclopaedia Britannica System. Monthly Payments of £1 and upwards.

"PIONEER"

CIGARETTES

3D.
PER PACKET

but in most cases they are too dirty in tone for the word gold to be properly used. Poplar, plane and willow leaves go off badly. The Virginia creeper, with its red leaves, is pretty for a fortnight in early October, but is not so lasting as the small-leaved, sterile vine, often sold as a "clinging" or "small" variety of the Virginia creeper itself. The birch has a brief fortnight of intense yellow gold, and a still briefer period of fading beauty is granted by nature to the ash.

CORN PRICES AND THE WAR

The outbreak of war in South Africa has sent the price of wheat up 1s. 3d. per qr., but barley and oats show no change. The price of maize is 1s. dearer, though the three great producing countries, America, Argentina, and Roumania, are wholly unconcerned in the struggle, and the inland States with which we are at war cannot possibly interfere with our duty receiving the million quarters of Indian corn now on the high seas. The sales of new English

produce since harvest have been 495,000 qrs. of wheat, 595,000 qrs. of barley, and 137,000 qrs. of oats against 447,000 qrs. of wheat, 604,000 qrs. of barley, and 120,000 qrs. of oats in the same period of last year. The Government have bought a good quantity of oats and bran for the horses sent out to South Africa, but have not purchased much wheat or flour. The Cape, for one thing, is so much nearer to India and Australia that it would probably be more profitable to buy at Bombay and Melbourne than at London or Liverpool. The South African States, with fifty million acres of splendid wheat land, do not grow enough corn for their own support, let alone for that of an army from England.

WORRYING SHEEP

The losses to farmers through dogs worrying sheep are so serious and the effect of being "worried" in a flock of sheep is so bad, that residents in the country cannot be too strongly urged to restrain

and "break" their dogs. The case of *Gazette*, though only recently decided, was not really needed, as the owner of the sheep can shoot the dog which is in nearly all these affairs much ill feeling is on the country side has been known to be embroiled, the slightest difference as to fact the matter may be, is to say, either side may demand that the other should be taken with a keenness that is notorious, and the most matters unanimity from twelve men is taken with a keenness that is notorious, and the evidence is clear, in the matter of favouring a man who lets his dog harry sheep as no better than shoots a fox. Such a social "sanction" will both sheep and dogs.

Cool the Blood

In all Cases of Itching
Burning Humours
with

CUTICURA RESOLVENT

While Cleansing the Skin and
Scalp with hot baths of CUTI-
CURA SOAP and healing the
Raw, Inflamed Surface with
CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Complete Treatment, 6s.

Or, SOAP, 1s.; OINTMENT, 2s. 6d.; RESOLVENT, 2s. 6d.
Post-paid of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London, E.C. For-
TEK DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

NUDA VERITAS

For over 30 years has never
failed to restore Grey or
Faded Hair in a few days.
It preserves, arrests
falling, and causes
a luxuriant growth
of Hair.

IS NOT A DYE BUT THE GENUINE
RESTORER.

Circulars and Analysts' Certificate Post Free.
Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., in case,
10/6 each.

Most Harmless,
Effectual,

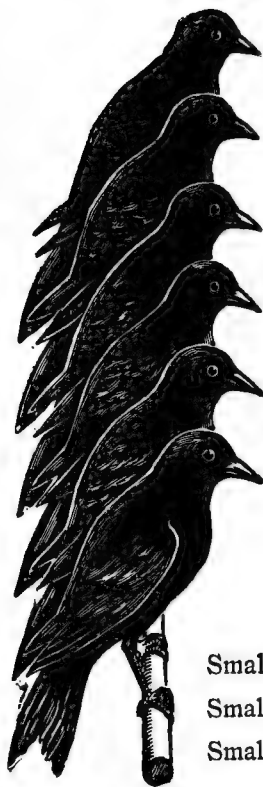
Permanent
and Elegant.

HAIR RESTORER

WHOLESALE: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
30-33, Berners St., W.; & 47-51, City Rd., London.

They "Touch" the **LIVER.**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS



ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS,
TORPID LIVER,
INDIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION,
SALLOW SKIN,
DIZZINESS,
FURRED TONGUE.

Small Pill.
Small Price.
Small Dose.

ONE AT NIGHT.

Be sure they are **CARTER'S.**

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Known all over the World.
Pianos, Harmoniums,



Mandolines, Guitars, Banjos, 20s. to £10.



Violins, with Bow, in Case,
20s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.



Brass Instruments, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, in use
in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.

SPECIAL TERMS TO BANDS.

29, HAYMARKET, LONDON, & DUBLIN.

Illustrated Price List Post Free.

POST FREE.....ONE SHILLING

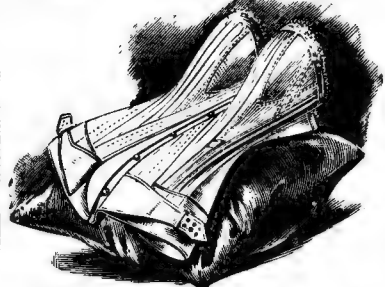
THE CURE OF ASTHMA

By an entirely new method of
inhalation, whereby the most
chronic cases are speedily relieved
and ultimately cured

By E. W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., U.S.A.,
D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng. by Exam., 1870,
Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, N.

SWANBILL CORSETS

(Registered.)



In White or useful French Grey, 21/-

A PROVED SUCCESS FOR EMBONPOINT.

With Webbing Belt, special arrangement of front bones and
adjustable straps. Kept in two lengths for Long or
Medium Waisted Figures.

1. Black, in the long length only, 28/6

"Acts like magic on the figure."

Illustrated Key to Swanbill Corsets Post Free.

ADDLEY BOURNE,

LADIES' WAREHOUSE,

174, SLOANE STREET, LONDON.

NOTE.—We make no extravagant and foolish
assertions respecting "KOKO," as
to its being "the best in the world," and that
kind of nonsense. We point to our testimonials in
proof of the value of "KOKO" for the Hair. The
high social standing of the writers is a guarantee
of the genuineness and undoubted excellence of our
preparation.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating
preparation, causes the hair to grow LUXURI-
ANTLY, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it
the LUSTRE AND FRESHNESS OF YOUTH, eradi-
cates dandruff, PREVENTS HAIR FROM FALLING.
IS THE MOST CLEANLY of all Hair preparations,
and is PERFECTLY HARMLESS.



Photo from Life. The Original, with other fine heads
of hair, may be seen at 115, Regent St., London.

The Late Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON

(The Celebrated Authoress) sent the following
remarkable Testimonial:—

"I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last,
and I have not only stopped the falling out, which
had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have
entirely a new growth of hair, while the old hair is
longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one,
I think it is a convincing test of the value of your
preparation."

From REAR-ADMIRAL A. TINKLAR.

"Governor's House, H.M. Prison,
Birmingham.

"I am very much pleased with the 'KOKO' you
sent me; it is a most excellent preparation."

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 of all Chemists, Hair-
dressers, Stores, &c., ever, where.

TO Ladies all the most beautiful women use CREME SIMON

Mme ADELINA PATTI says:

"Have found it very
good indeed."

For all irritations of the skin it is
unequalled. Chaps, Redness,
roughness, disappear as it by
magic.—PRICE: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/- per Pot.

J. SIMON, PARIS

LONDON, MERTENS, 61, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores

SHANNON LETTER FILE.

STANDARD REFERENCE TO
YOUR LETTERS AND BILLS
The SHANNON LETTER
Office Furnishings,
LONDON, E.C.

DR.

J.

BROWNE

CHLORODYNE

COUGHS

COLDS

ASTHMA

BRONCHITIS

CHOLERA

DIARRHŒA

DYSENTERY

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

CHLORODYNE

SYMINGTON'S HIGH PRESSURE STEAM PREPARED PEA FLOUR

EASILY DIGESTED.

FOR THICKENING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

Sold in Tins and Packets by all Grocers.

Manufacturers: BOWDEN STEAM MILLS, MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Established 1827.

Export Agents: C. & E. MORTON, LONDON.



TRADE MARK.

J. T. DAVENPORT,
14, Littlewood Street, W.C.

WILLIAMS'S SHAVING SOAP



The Stolen Razor

COPYRIGHTED 1898
BY E. DONALD ROBERTS
DETROIT, MICH.

A half century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that WILLIAMS' are the ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS.

Sold by chemists, hairdressers and perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.

Williams' Luxury Shaving Tablets, 1s.

Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.

Williams' "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 6d.

Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing—

The J. B. Williams Co., 64 Gt. Russell Street, London, W. C. or 161

Clarence Street, Sydney.
Head Offices and Laboratories,—Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Brown's
Bronchial
Troches
for
Coughs,
Colds,
Influenza,
Catarrh,
&c.



Brown's
Bronchial
Troches
for
Coughs,
Colds,
Influenza,
Catarrh,
&c.

Cure **COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS** and **INFLUENZA**.
Cure any **IRRITATION** or **SORENESS** of the **THROAT**.
Relieve the **HACKING COUGH** in **CONSUMPTION**.
Relieve **BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH**.
Clear and give Strength to the **VOICE OF SINGERS**.
And are indispensable to **PUBLIC SPEAKERS**.

Ask for and obtain only "**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**," which, after forty-seven years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1/1½ PER BOX.

Never Fails.

Established
25 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for

Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza,
Whooping-Cough, Consumption.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I was advised by a friend to try your Lung Tonic. To my most surprise, after the third dose I was able to officiate with perfect ease. I resolve to add your valuable medicine to my household supplies, and certainly shall never be without it."
(Rev.) F. C. S. KRÖNIG, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Hull.
"I feel bound to say it is a splendid remedy for sore throat, colds, &c., and if taken in time will completely stop what might have been a very bad cold."
FRANK B. SCRIVENER, 12, St. Paul's, Canterbury.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere

in bottles, at 1s 1½d., 2s. 9d.,

4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

LAZENBY'S

ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT & PORTABLE

SOUP SQUARES

These squares are prepared in 13 Varieties (MULLIGATAWNY, JULIENNE, GRAVY, &c.), and should find a place in every store-room, being invaluable for making soup at short notice or improving stock. They will keep good any reasonable length of time and are packed in neat boxes containing 6 & 12 Squares.

ONE 6^d. SQUARE
WILL MAKE A PINT & A HALF
OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.

Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Squares, please communicate at once with the Manufacturers.

E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD., 18 Trinity St., LONDON. S.E.

LAZENBY'S

13 VARIETIES.

SOUP SQUARES

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES.

Wherever
civilization
is,

there you'll find

Old Gold CIGARETTES.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

And 164, 166, & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
(Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.)

IRISH CAMBRIC Children's Bordered, pr. doz. 1/3 Hemstitched— per doz.
Ladies' 2/3 Ladies' 2/9
Gents' 3/3 Gents' 3/11

Telegraphic Address: "Linen, Belfast." **POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**
LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.
COLLARS.—Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.; Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. CUFFS.—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz. MATCHLESS SHIRTS.—Fine quality Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half-doz. (to measure 2/- extra). OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with best material, in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts for 14/- the half-doz.
FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

The BEST of all TABLE MINERAL WATERS.

Evian Grottes

Sole Agent for United Kingdom and Colonies—
RICHARD DAVIS, 20, MADDOX STREET, LONDON, W.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World. 2S. 6D. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,
In Glass Jars, Price 1s.



Of all Chemists. **Lanoline'** Patented Brand.
This Preparation is on all labels and is a genuine product.
Nature's Toilet Preparations.
Toilet 'Lanoline,' in collapsible tubes, 6d. & 1s. per tube.
Makes rough skins smooth, and protects delicate complexions from wind and sun.
'Lanoline' Toilet Soap, 6d. per tablet; 3 in box, 1s. 6d.
Never irritates; cleanses and keeps the skin supple.
Wholesale Depot—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d.
SIX GOLD MEDALS

HINDE'S The present fashion of Undulating hair-render "Hinde's Wave," Nos. 12, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1s. boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde, Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

WAVERS
The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE OF ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, J. Sanger & Sons, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler and Crispe, John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.



For Longhand, Shorthand, Pen-and-Ink Drawing, Music-Writing, indeed whenever a Pen is necessary, use only the
SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN
Made in 3 Sizes at
10/6, 16/6, & 25/-
Up to 18 Guineas, post free.

DAVID WILLIAMSON, Esq., Editor of the "Graphic," says:—"I wrote both my books on Gladstone with and not only these Volumes, but many columns have been penned in railway carriages where your pen is used on terra firma."

Writes continuously for many hours. For every writer in every land a necessity. A pen as perfect as the inventive skill of the day. Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. It is the Best Pen by the World's Best Makers.

AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO TRY "A SWAN" Please send Steel Pen and Handwriting Book. Complete Illustrated Catalogue post free on application to
MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 4.
95a, Regent St., London, 3, Exchange St., Manchester,
And Paris: Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera.

ALL WHO DESIRE TO HAVE
SOFT VELVETY SKIN

CAN OBTAIN IT BY USING

LAIT
Farola
It Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c.

Bottles 6d. (post free 8d.)
1s., 1s. 9d., & 2s. 6d.,
free in United Kingdom.

IS UNEQUALLED AS A SKIN TONIC AND EMOLLIENT.
Sole Makers: M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE. GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND
KROPP RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
WARRANTED PERFECT

Black Handle 5/6
Ivory Handle 7/6
A pair Ivory Handle Razors in Russia 21/-
Leather Case 21/-
Kropp Strop Paste 6d.
Kropp Shaving Stick 6d.
Kropp's Bar Shaving Brush 7/6 (10/6 each)

KROPP "DUPLIX" STROP

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER & CANVAS
Price 7/6 each.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "SHAVERS' KIT AND OUTFIT"
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
The Original and only Genuine.



ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
For 70 Years the Approved Dentifrice.

£20 Tobaccoists commencing. Ill. Guide (250 pages) 3d. "How to Open a Cigar Store" £20 to £2,000. TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 186, Euston Road, London. 50 years' reputation. Mgr. H. MYERS.

Printed at 12, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C. 3.

THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 21, 1899

"The Graphic"

**The Best and Brightest
Illustrated Newspaper.**

"THE GRAPHIC," in its now permanently enlarged form, deals picturesquely with all important events at Home and Abroad, thus forming an invaluable pictorial record.

The beautiful Series of Supplements in Colour, Tone, and Black and White, include Pictures by the most famous Old Masters and Modern Artists, chosen from the principal National and Private Collections of England and the Continent, and place a most delightful Gallery of Art within the reach of all.

"The Graphic" Stories are by the Foremost Writers of the day, fully illustrated by the Best Artists. Amongst others, arrangements have been made with the following Well-known Authors for forthcoming contributions: Rider Haggard, S. R. Crockett, S. Baring-Gould, H. S. Merriman, Bret Harte, Mrs. F. A. Steel, Grant Allen, W. E. Norris, Maarten Maartens, Sir Lewis Morris, Levett-Yeats, E. F. Benson, W. W. Jacobs, and Gilbert Parker.

Offices: 190, STRAND, W.C.

"The Graphic" Gallery,

195, Strand, London, W.C.

There is now open next door to the "DAILY GRAPHIC" Office a Permanent Exhibition and Sale-room of Original Black-and-White Drawings and Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Well-known Artists, of the Illustrations which have appeared either in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC" or the "DAILY GRAPHIC."

The prices are arranged to suit every purse, and the subjects embrace every imaginable incident, including Illustrations of Military, Naval, Political, Social, Municipal, Legal, Scientific, Theatrical, Musical, and Sporting Events from every part of the world.

ADMISSION FREE.

Hours 10 to 5 p.m.

Saturdays 10 to 1 p.m.

"The Daily Graphic"

**The Most Popular
Home Newspaper of the Day.**

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC," now in its Eighth Year of Issue, contains all the Latest Telegrams and News, illustrated with Sketches of Leading Events at Home and Abroad by Popular Artists, together with Articles and Reviews by the Best Writers of the day.

For Foreign and Colonial Readers the Weekly Mail Issue of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" forms the very best Budget of News obtainable. It consists of Six Daily Issues bound in a wrapper, and is issued every Friday, price Sixpence. It can be obtained through any Newsagent in North and South Africa, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, &c., or from the Publishing Office, Free by Post to any of the Countries mentioned for £2 3s. 6d. per annum.

Publishing Office: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

"The Golden Penny"

An Illustrated Home Weekly.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY," issued by the Proprietors of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" and "THE GRAPHIC," contains Short Stories, Up-to-Date Articles, Interviews, &c., by Popular Writers, illustrated by Clever Artists. The hearty support accorded by readers of all classes has encouraged the Proprietors to enlarge the publication, and additional interesting features will be added from time to time.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY." Among Notable Contributors are S. R. Crockett, H. Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Sir Walter Besant, Frank Stockton, W. Le Queux, John Oxenham, Florence Marryat, Fergus Hume, Fred Wishaw, and many other Well-known Writers.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY" COMPETITIONS, for which Cash Prizes are awarded every week, appeal to all Ages and all Classes. Special Prizes are offered to Colonial and Foreign Readers, and the extraordinary popularity of these is shown by the large number of replies received.

Offices: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.